ÉDITION DE LUXE

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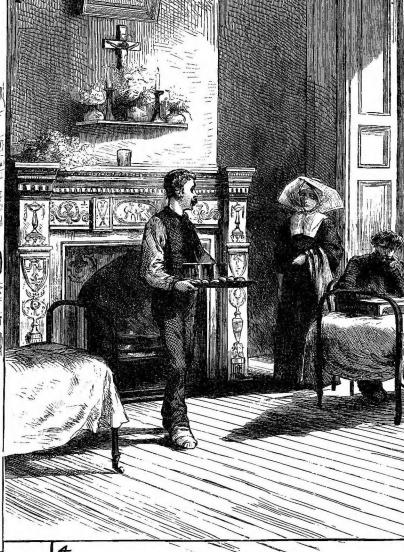
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ÉDITION DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889

TWO EXTRA PRICE NINEPENCE SUPPLEMENTS By Post Ninepence Halfpenn.









1. The Dispensary

2. A Queen Anne Mantelpiece in a Ward

3. An Objection to the Bath

4. A Touching Incident

18pics of the Walls

PEACE OR WAR IN 1889? -- This question is naturally forced upon us in the opening days of the New Year. Unhappily, it is impossible to feel confident that the answer must be given in favour of peace. The mere fact that so many vast standing armies exist, creates terrible dangers, since it is always possible that some Power or Powers may decide to strike a blow in the hope of getting rid of an intolerable burden. Then, the causes of International misunderstanding in South-Eastern Europe are as numerous as at any previous period, and one or other of them may suddenly lead to the gravest complications. The condition of France, too, gives rise to unpleasant forebodings. The influence of General Boulanger is rapidly increasing, and it is only too palpable that if he became supreme he might be glad to seize any opportunity of trying to strengthen his hold over the nation by endeavouring to win back its lost provinces. On the other hand, there are circumstances which make it not unreasonable to hope that war may, after all, be avoided. If France stood alone, she would hardly venture to attack Germany. General Boulanger's chance would come only if he were able to secure the alliance of Russia. But Russia, even if she were disposed to unite with France, is not physically ready for a great struggle. A Franco-Russian Alliance would be met by the Central European League, and this League is perhaps the strongest combination of States that the world has ever seen. It must also be remembered that, whatever may be General Boulanger's intentions, the bulk of the French people have no wish to enter upon hazardous military undertakings. This, indeed, may be said of the mass of the people in every European country, and the general dread of war may be expected to have some effect upon the decisions of the "Sovereigns and Statesmen" upon whom the issue immediately depends. Fortunately, there is at present in England no important division of opinion upon questions of foreign policy, and Lord Salisbury will have every motive to work steadily for the maintenance of peace. But his authority will be all the greater if, in the course of the year, he keeps constantly in view the urgent need for the strengthening of our defensive forces.

IRISH PROSPECTS. There are two Irelands in existence, a political Ireland, and an industrial Ireland. In some respects their doings and aspirations are closely intermingled, but, on the whole, they deserve to be examined as two distinct entities. Political Ireland occupies an enormous space in the newspapers; aided by its English allies, it wastes the time of the House of Commons; and it refuses to be satisfied with anything short of Home Rule, which practically means independence. Industrial Ireland, from its very nature, makes less stir and show, but it has a history of its own, and its annals are really of much more importance than those of its noisy political analogue. There is an Ireland which is not engaged in attending proclaimed meetings, making truculent speeches, indulging in moonlighting raids, resisting evictions, and getting itself imprisoned. It is true that its progress is grievously hindered by the persons who pursue these mischievous practices; but, in spite of them, this progress has, during the past year, been decidedly satisfactory. The improved condition of Ireland-which is specially an agricultural country-is of course greatly due to a cause which it is beyond the power of Governments or agitators either to make or to mar, namely, a fairly good harvest. Drought appears to be a more formidable enemy in the sister-island than a superabundance of rain, owing to the farmers being chiefly dependent on the feeding of stock, and the experience of 1887 was disastrous. In 1888 the crops both of hay and green stuff have been abundant, and this, coupled with an advance in the prices obtainable for produce, has brought prosperity to graziers and farmers, a practical proof of which is afforded by the increased deposits made at both ordinary banks and savings' banks. The fisheries have been less productive than usual, but there are signs that abundant capital is ready to be employed in that branch of industry, provided only that lawlessness and violence are made to disappear. Let us conclude, at the beginning of a New Year, with an appeal to the Parnellite M.P.'s. They would immensely strengthen their claim for Home Rule if they would adopt a more genuinely patriotic attitude, and, instead of opposing Drainage Bills, and such like remedial measures, resolve to work cordially with the Government in the promotion of all plans which would infuse fresh energy into the country of which they profess to be so fond and so proud.

THE REVENUE.—Although the return for last quarter shows some slight shrinkage, the general aspect of the Revenue is fairly satisfactory. On analysing the several heads, it comes out clearly that those to which the masses mostly contribute have done best. Here, then, we have something like proof that the improvement in trade has begun to affect the spending power of the working-classes. Further corroboration of that theory may be found in the collapse of the contemplated "unemployed" agitation.

The manipulators were ready enough, no doubt, but a sufficiency of genuine workmen in a destitute condition could not be secured to join the show. In this respect, therefore, 1889 compares favourably with its two predecessors. The only serious danger ahead is that production, under the stimulus of higher prices, may run ahead of consumption. The great cotton industry has none too robust an appearance just now, while the United States will have far less occasion than last year to resort to England for railway materials. Nor is it easy to see any fresh market which is likely to be opened for British goods during the next twelve months. China, that long-waited-for customer, still displays coyness; it is even reported, indeed, that her intelligent people are beginning to supply themselves with stout cotton fabrics from India, in lieu of the flimsy cloths of Lancashire. Altogether, the commercial outlook, although by no means gloomy, is of a sort to suggest extreme caution, both to masters and men. Both are doing tolerably well just now, and can afford to lay by something against the rainy day which is sure to come sooner or later.

-We have attained our immediate object at Suakin, but it would be a gross mistake to suppose that our difficulties there are at an end. The Dervishes will probably return, and, in that case, unless we abandon the place altogether, we shall have no alternative but to do over again the work we have done already. And so the process may go on indefinitely. No one can pretend that this is a satisfactory prospect, and we may assume that the Government are anxiously considering how the problem may be most safely dealt with. An advance on Khartoum is not, of course, to be thought of. That plan might have some advantages, but the price in blood and treasure would be heavier than the country is prepared to pay. It is equally impossible to withdraw from Suakin, since we cannot afford to run the risk of its being seized by a rival Power. Some middle way must, therefore, be discovered. The advice of a good many authorities is that we should enter into negotiations with the neighbouring tribes, and no doubt this would be the best scheme if we could make it worth the while of the tribes to become our allies. But can we do this if we simply continue to hold the Port of Suakin? It is all very well to offer to trade with them, but how can trade with them be developed if they are always to be exposed to the danger of being attacked by the Mahdi's troops? Let England give them security, and they will probably be heartily glad to act as her friends. If we cannot, or will not, protect them, it will continue to be their interest to remain on good terms with the fanatical potentate who has it in his power to annoy and injure them. Peace at Suakin seems possible only if we are willing to hold both the town itself and a considerable district of which it might become the capital. To do this we should have to make some sacrifices, but they would be slight in comparison with the trouble we may bring upon ourselves by doing nothing at all.

SHIPPING AND SHIPBUILDING IN 1888.—As a mercantile marine Power, Great Britain still holds the field against all other nations; and this, regarded jointly with the decadence of the United States in the same line of enterprise, affords a strong testimony in favour of Free Trade. Most competent observers now agree that the inability of American shipowners and shipbuilders to maintain their ancient position was far more due to the enhanced cost of necessary materials caused by a Protective tariff than by the depredations of the Alabama and her sister-privateers. During the past year freights, which had long been unprofitably low, improved considerably. The usual result followed. Capitalists at once rushed in to add to the existing tonnage. Let us hope they won't overdo it. There are two points, however, in favour of this increased activity in shipbuilding. First, sailingvessels are found to be more and more unsuited -in face of the existing steam-competition-for earning profitable returns; and, secondly, many steamboats, owing to improvements in building and in engineconstruction, are practically obsolete. We confess that we note with sadness the almost certain disappearance of the good old merchant-ship propelled by sails. Before long there will be only two sources-and neither of those very extensivefor obtaining a genuine seaman of the old-fashioned type, one who can hand, reef, and steer, namely, the pleasure-yacht service, and the fishing-fleet. Nor do either of these forms of maritime enterprise afford a novice much opportunity of learning how to reef a main-top sail. In fact, as far we can judge the "able seaman" of the future will be no more skilful than he who used contemptuously to be styled a "deck hand."

Persian Railways.—When the Shah paid his memorable visit to England, it was bruited about that he had granted to his friend, Baron Reuter, a concession of all the railways ever to be constructed in his dominions. Through some cause or other, that splendid monopoly has never been turned to account; the concessionaire even preferred to allow the Persian Government to annex the million of francs he had deposited as an earnest of his intention to go on with the work at once. Now, however, that some Moscow capitalists, backed by the Russian Government, are anxious to build a line from the Caspian to Teheran, Baron Reuter

stands on his rights. In vain has the Shah offered to restore the forseited deposit; even that magnanimous proposal failed to soften the obdurate monopolist. Perhaps some may liken this conduct to that of the dog in the manger. But the oddest feature of the business is that these Russian capitalists should be so eager to enter into a speculative enterprise which one of the shrewdest judges in Europe evidently considers too venturesome. Had Baron Reuter seen his way to make profit out of a Caspian-Teheran railway, the work would have been finished long ago. He had not to ask permission; that was accorded by the universal concession. We may assume, therefore, that he does not believe the line would ever pay a dividend. But, in that case, why not allow the Moscow speculators to burn their fingers? Perhaps the answer to this conundrum may be guessed from the fact that while the Russian Government is pulling on the one side, Sir Henry Wolff is pulling on the other. La haute finance is often swayed by la haute

-The Servians have surmounted their SERVIAN RADICALS.-"crisis" more successfully than could have been anticipated. It was generally feared that the Radicals, after their victory at the polls, would make themselves extremely troublesome, and perhaps even agitate for the dethronement of King Milan. They have acted, however, with unexpected moderation. Some part of the credit is undoubtedly due to the King. He was most anxious that the authority of the Crown should be established and increased by the new Constitution, but, finding that it would be wise to make concessions, has displayed so conciliatory a spirit that it became possible for the Radicals, without humiliation, to meet him half way. The Committee of the Grand Skupshtina to which the draft Constitution was referred pressed some demands with which he declined to comply, but his refusal led to no serious difficulty. Now we may hope that Servia will soon be tranquil and prosperous under the rule of a Radical Ministry. Hitherto the Servian Radicals have been, as a party, ardent Panslavists. Now that they are dominant, it will be necessary for them to change their tactics in this respect, for it is certain that Austria would not tolerate intrigues contrary to her interests, and for the present Russia has no wish that there should be troubles at Belgrade. Perhaps much of the Panslavism of the Radicals is to be explained by the fact that until quite recently they had no hope of soon becoming the most powerful party in the State. Henceforth they will be sobered by a feeling of responsibility, and it may even happen that they will become enthusiastic champions of national independence. In the immediate future their chief task should be to place the financial system of the country on a sound basis, and thus to prepare the way for the increase of material prosperity. If they effect this object, they will give the best possible proof that Servia well deserved the liberties she has so suddenly secured for herself.

-Greater London, as THE LONDON COAL SUPPLY .viewed from its coal-consuming capacity, includes in its area a large portion of the Home Counties, and must have a population of fully six millions. This vast population naturally devours an immense quantity of fuel, all of which, except an infinitesimal amount of tree-loppings, has to be imported. During 1888 about twelve and a half million tons of coal were brought into London. Seven-twelfths of this was railway-borne and the remaining five-twelfths sea-borne. About one-fourth of the total importation was sent abroad, or to places beyond the area over which the coal-duties are levied. The remainder was consumed on the premises, or, strictly speaking, was not completely consumed, a heavy percentage of it going to make our world-famed fogs denser and murkier. Prudent housekeepers had a chance in the summer, when coal could be bought cheaper than was ever before known. Since then, owing to threatened strikes and the approach of the cold season, prices have advanced considerably. The carriage of coal by rail forms a fairly profitable item in the traffic of the various companies, yet it is a question whether it is really economical. Even in these days of steel rails the wear and tear caused by such heavy traffic is very great, and there is no necessity for carrying coals swiftly. If the canals, instead of being bought up and practically strangled by the railway companies, had been enlarged and improved, nearly all the conveyance of such articles as coal, bricks, stone, and lime might have been performed by them, leaving the railways more scope for the development of their passenger and light goods traffic.

which, while still in its first decade, can show a muster roll of more than three-quarters of a million, is a real and powerful force. Yet it seems only the other day that the Primrose League was the subject of general laughter. Even Conservatives poked fun at Lord Randolph Churchill's whimsical invention, while the "Knights," "Dames," and "Ruling Councillors" came in for endless ridicule. It certainly seemed like a joke to fit the titles taken from the age of chivalry to a miscellaneous assortment of political ladies and gentlemen mostly belonging to the illustrious unknown. That such an odd conglomeration would ever exercise any

ofluence in the constituencies appeared impossible. That miracle has been achieved, nevertheless, and the League might now retort on its satirists, "Let those laugh who Although this great Conservative institution did not make much outward stir last year, its development went on apace, the number of members increasing by considerably more than 100,000, and the "Habitations" by 134. Yet there are some who affirm that in spite of these and other manifestations of exuberant vitality, the old life, the old earnestness, and the old camaraderie have gone out of the League. Not a few Habitations are said to be in a condition of suspended animation; of others it is alleged that the spirit of revolt is not unknown among their members. This would be natural enough; every force whose raison d'être is to fight is liable to become torpid and discontented when long deprived of its favourite pastime. But we make little doubt that, were a General Election to come into sight, every Ruling Councillor, Knight, and Dame would fall into line, determined to do or die, or even, if occasion arose, to fondle the very grimiest children of the grimiest electors.

STAGE DECORATION. This week all the world has been talking about the revival of Macbeth at the Lyceum. Whatever may be thought of the acting of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, there is no difference of opinion as to the splendour of the background provided for the play. Nothing more magnificent in its way has ever been seen in any theatre. Mr. Irving has been much praised for the care he has devoted to this part of the undertaking; but may it not be doubted whether all this display is really an advantage to lovers of the drama? Shakespeare's supreme object was surely to touch the imagination and to quicken feeling. Can it be truly said that the best way to enable his work to attain this end is to give it a gorgeous material setting? The effect of splendid accessories is to withdraw attention from what ought to be the central interest—the representation of the dramatist's ideas and of the passions he has brought into conflict. The triumphs of the carpenter and the scenepainter may be very wonderful, but it is doubtful wisdom to force them into a sort of competition with the triumphs of the noblest dramatic art. The mounting of a play should be strictly subordinate to the play itself, whereas the tendency of our present methods is to reverse the order of precedence. Another unsatisfactory result of Mr. Irving's plan is that it necessarily prevents him from frequently changing his "parts." In former times a great actor was able to represent many different types of character; and this was good both for himself and for his audiences. Now it costs so much to produce a play that a long "run" is absolutely necessary. The mass of playgoers seem to be delighted with things as they are; but Mr. Irving has many admirers who regret that he has adopted a system which renders it impossible for him to do full justice to his

HIGH FINANCE.---What is the force which has imparted a strong upward movement to New Consols during the last few days? Put the question to a Stock Exchange oracle, and maybe he will reply, "They are being Goschenised." Translated into English from the vernacular of Throgmorton Street, this means that the securities in question are being manipulated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the advantage of the State. The balance of Old Consols still unconverted amounts to something over 40,000,000l., and in order to pay off the holders, and so end the Three Per Cents. once for all, Mr. Goschen must sell a sufficient quantity of New Consols to provide the purchase money. It is his object, therefore, to push the latter up so as to get as good a price as possible when settling time comes, because the higher they are, the less will be the loss of the State. Such is the explanation, at all events, given by financial experts, who watch the great master's operations with as vivid interest as a posse of secondrate chess-players exhibit at a trial of skill between two champions. To outsiders not acquainted with the mysteries of la haute finance, it will appear a very risky process to inflate a market with a view to heavy selling later on. Supposing, for instance, that Mr. Goschen and the powerful financiers who are said to be supporting him had to buy 40,000,000. New Consols while forcing them up to par, it would seem in the nature of things that the subsequent sale of an equal amount to pay off Old Consols would force down the price to the original level. That would be likely enough were the operation to be entrusted to clumsy hands. In those of Mr. Goschen, its success may be considered assured, and we make little doubt that by the end of the year the time honoured Three per Cents. will be extinct.

IMITATIVE MURDERERS. Medical statistics inform us that there is in our complex social system a greater proportion of persons who are either insane, or easily liable to become insane, than was the case in simpler and ruder times. The records of suicide also show that that dismal crime prevails chiefly in what are, perhaps satirically, styled highly-civilised countries, and in the big towns of those countries; whereas self-slaughter is least common in regions where the people have been very slightly affected by modern improvements. In like manner a type of murder has been_developed which was scarcely known to our

forefathers. In the old days people murdered either from motives of revenge, of avarice, or of fear; but a good many modern murders are of a totally purposeless character, and seem to imply a certain degree of mental unsoundness on the part of their perpetrators. This supposition, moreover, is strengthened by the fact that such murderers find imitators. Unless the "Whitechapel fiend" is possessed of an almost preternatural ubiquitousness, the tragedies at Havant and Bradford are probably the work of persons who, from perpetually brooding over these horrors, have been led to follow his frightful example,

NOTICE.

The Postage abroad for the THIN PAPER EDITION, issued without the Green over, if despatched within eight days of date to any of the following countries, 1d. per Copy—Africa, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Cape, Chill, Egypt, any part of urope, Peru, Mexico, New Zealand, any part of the United States, West Indies; id 13th. per Copy to Ceylon, China, India, and Japan.

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Notice. This week is published the first instalment of

a New Story by Mr. Grant Allen, entitled "THE TENTS OF SHEM," illustrated by Messrs. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and Barclay, to be continued weekly until completion.

-With this Number are issued Two Extra NOTICE .-SUPPLEMENTS, containing FRONTISPIECE, TITLE -PAGE, and INDEX to VOL. XXXVIII.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY

YCEUM—MACBETH—Every Evening at 7.45—Overture, 7.40—Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving: Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry; Messrs. Alexander, Wenman, Tyars, Webster, Howe, Haviland, Harvey, Johnson, Raynor, Outram, Lacy, Archer, &c.; Misses Marriott, Seaman, Desborough, Coleridge, &c. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.10.—LYCEUM.

CLOBE THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD.
—PRINCE KARL Every Evening at 8.45. Presented by Mr. Richard Mansfield, Messrs. Burrows, Crompton, Weedon Grossmith, Frankau, Vivian, 82.5; Madame Carlotta Leclercq, Miss May Whitty, Miss Gledden, and Miss Beart Cameron, Preceded by at 8. EDITH'S BUKGLAR, Miss Lily Bowman, Mr. D. H. Harkins, and Mr. Lionel Brough. Box Office (Mr. Innes) open daily from 10 to 7. Doors one 7.30.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.
EVERY EVENING, at 7, THE MAGIC DRAGON OF THE DEMON
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ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of ROYAL Standard North ACADEMY of ARTS.—The EXHIBITION of BRITISH SCHOOL, including a COLLECTION of WORKS by the late FRANK HOLL. R.A., and a SELECTION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS by J.M. W. TURNER, R.A., WILL OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, JANUARY 7th, 1889. Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES—I. JEPHTHAH'S RETURN. 2. ON THE MOUNTAINS. 3. THE MARTYR—are NO W ON VIEW, with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI, ZEUNIS AT CROTONA, &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 18.

NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.—EXHIBITION of the ROYAL HOUSE of STUART. Now open from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Admission, One Shilling. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The Orient Company will despatch their large full-powered steam-ship "GARONNE," 3.876 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on the 20th February for a thirty-seven days Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Malaga, Cadiz. The "GARONNE" is fitted with the Electric Light, Hot and Cold Baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

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THE FIRST ITALIAN HOSPITAL IN LONDON

THE FIRST ITALIAN HOSPITAL IN LONDON

THIS Institution is situate at 41, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, and is one of a row of lofty houses of the time of Queen Anne, on the south side of the square. It commands the attention of the passer-by, not only by the large plain lettering of its inscription ("Ospedale Italiano"), but by the beautiful flowering plants on the sills of the tall, large-paned windows. Mr. Giovanni B. Ortelli was the original founder of this Italian hospital, which was the first

established in London, or, indeed, anywhere in Europe, out of Italy itself. Mrs. Ortelli, the wife of the founder, has not only benefitted the Hospital pecuniarily to a large amount, but she personally superintends the domestic arrangements and expenditure of this real home, where the customs and diet are, as much as possible, in accordance with the past of these poor foreigners, who, coming from sunny skies, balmy air, and a diet plain but wholesome, to noisome dens in back slums of London, insufficient and inferior food, and exposure to bad weather, fall ill, and unable to understand, or be understood, hover on the brink of utter misery. To such as these the Italian Hospital is as an oasis in the desert, it is like a bit of their own country, and patients often get well there whom English hospitals have treated in vain. It should be observed, by the way, that the Italian Hospital receives, both as indoor and outdoor patients, persons of all nationalities, irrespective of creed or politics. We wish that we had space to insert here the interesting account of her visit to the Hospital by Miss C. Lega-Weekes, of Poyning's Road, Highgate Hill, N., to whom we are indebted for the sketches. The dispensary she describes as a room within a room, lined with shelves filled with medicine bottles, cupboards, and drawers, where a sister was compounding and weighing drugs. The man who resisted the doctor's order for a warm bath was a Neapolitan, afflicted with heart-disease and dropsy. The poor fellow, who was wrapped in a blanket, yielded after a sister had whispered something in his ear. "I have told him," she said, "that if he is good perhaps the lady will take his portrait." The tray-bearer in another sketch was a young man, with lustrous eyes, who suffered from a delicate chest and an injured foot. He observed: "I shall soon be too well to remain. I try to be a little useful, and every one is so good to me." We may add, in conclusion, that donations of clean linen, cotton rags, old clothing, groceries, farm produce, fr

MR. JOHN RYLANDS

MR. JOHN RYLANDS

This remarkable man, who was the chief of probably the largest manufacturing and mercantile concern in the world, died on December 11th, at Longford Hall, near Manchester. Although in his eighty-eighth year, his physical and mental vigour was such that up to the last he retained supreme direction of the business. The commercial instinct was very early developed in young Rylands. He bought articles which he resold at a profit to his schoolfellows, and had actually, while still a schoolboy, started a weaving business on a small scale. When he was eighteen, he and his elder brother Joseph took possession of a small cotton-mill at Wigan. Joseph managed the mill, while John rode about the country on horseback with bags full of samples. The business prospered so well that the father joined the firm, and put more capital into it. This was the beginning of the great firm of "Joseph Rylands and Sons." In 1840 Joseph Rylands the younger retired, and in 1847 the father died. John, the sole survivor, threw himself with greater zeal than ever into the expansion of the concern. Mill after mill was crected or bought, so that ere long the firm could supply anything into the manufacture of which cotton, calico, or woollens entered, from oil-cloths to window-curtains, reels of thread to umbrellas, and eiderdowns to corsets. In 1873 the firm was converted into a Limited Liability Company. Mr. Rylands wa: in religion a Congregationalist, in politics a Liberal. He was a generous supporter of charitable efforts. He was twice married, but none of his children survive him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Arthur Reston, Stretford, Manchester. Stretford, Manchester.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT

In our last issue, we gave some of the main facts of Mr. Oliphant's life, together with a general estimate of his career. We need not, therefore, say much now. He was the son of the late Mr. Oliphant, C.B., and was born in 1829. He was trained for the Bar, and was admitted to both the Scottish and the English Bar, but his tastes were more for travel than the law. When quite young, he visited India. Shortly before the Crimean War, he travelled through Russia, and thence proceeded to Canada, where he became Private Secretary to the Governor-General, Lord Elgin, whom he accompanied, in 1857, on his special mission to China. Whilst acting as Charge d'Affaires in Japan, in 1861, he narrowly escaped assassination. In the following year, he retired from the Diplomatic Service, and he sat in Parliament for the Stirling Burghs from 1865 to 1868. Later in life, Mr. Oliphant adopted peculiar religious ideas, and became the disciple of one Harris, an American. For some time past he had taken up his abode in Palestine. Quite recently he married a daughter of the late Robert Dale Owen. He died, after a lingering illness, on December 23rd, and was buried at Twickenham New Cemetery on the 27th. Mr. Oliphant was a man of most versatile powers, as is shown by the variety of quality in the numerous books he wrote. Some were light and lively, like "Piccadilly;" others were mystical, like "Scientific Religion;" others were vivid and brilliant books of travel.—Our portrait is from a photograph by The Autotype Company, London and Ealing Dean.

MR. P. H. MUNTZ,

MR. P. H. MUNTZ,

MR. P. H. MUNTZ,

Who died at his residence at Leamington, on Christmas morning, after a paralytic seizure, was in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and had been connected with the commercial and political life of Birmingham for a period of over fifty years. Mr. Muntz took an active part in the incorporation of the Borough of Birmingham, the charter for which was obtained in 1838, was elected Senior Alderman, and served the office of Mayor in 1839 and 1840. In 1856 he resigned his position as Alderman, and did not again resume his connection with the governing body of the town. Upon the passing of the Reform Bill, in 1868, Mr. Muntz was chosen one of the Liberal members for Birmingham, in conjunction with Mr. Bright and Mr. George Dixon. He continued to represent Birmingham until 1885, when he retired from Parliament. In October last Mr. Muntz was presented with the freedom of Birmingham, in celebration of the jubilee of his connection with the municipality.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Collier, 66, New Street, Birmingham.

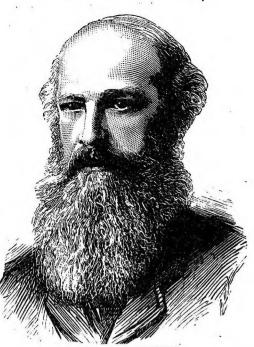
THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF A PHOONGYEE

THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF A PHOONGYEE

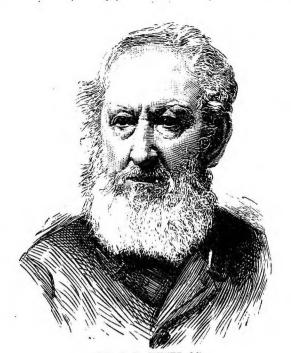
Our illustrations represent the remains and relics of a distinguished Phoongyee who performed a remarkable act of self-sacrifice four years ago. This Phoongyee bore the title of Tai-zawonda, and was the inheritor of the Monastery of the late Thinkaraja, the most revered priest of Akyab. It appears that to perform some religious duties he determined to immolate himself before certain relics of Buddha. Having sent away his pupils and his brother Rahans in order that no one might interfere with his intentions, at midnight he placed an earthen pan in a hole, which he had previously caused to be dug close to a flower tree in front of the library and of the monastery where the sacred relics of Buddha are preserved. He then placed some yellow robes in the pan, poured a maund of kerosine oil in the hole, and wrapped his body with the cloth saturated in oil. On the pot full of oil he placed a plank which served him as a seat; next tying himself with a wire rope to the tree and joining his hands in adoration, he uttered some prayers; after which, with a bundle of lighted candles he set himself on fire. In the morning his half-consumed body was found in a posture of worship, the head and upper part of the



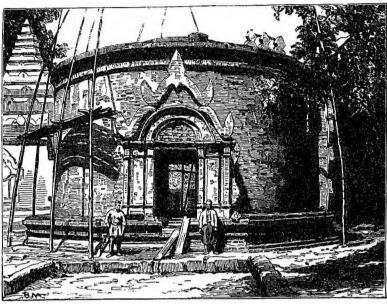
MR. JOHN RYLANDS
Manchester Manufacturer,
Born 1801. Died December 11, 1888



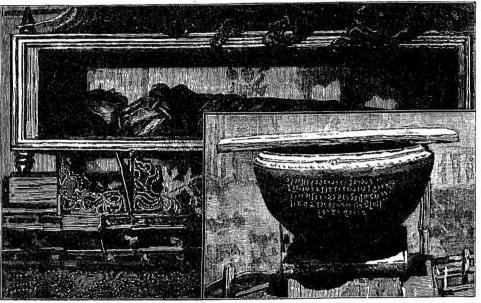
MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT Diplomatist, Journalist, Novelist, Mystic. Born 1820. Died December 23, 1888



MR. P. H. MUNTZ, J.P. M.P. for Birmingham, from 1868 to 1885 Born 1811. Died December 25, 1888

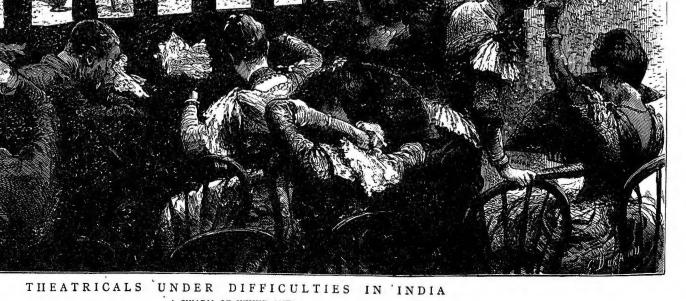


THE TEMPLE BUILT BY GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION TO RECEIVE TAI-ZA-WONDA'S ASHES

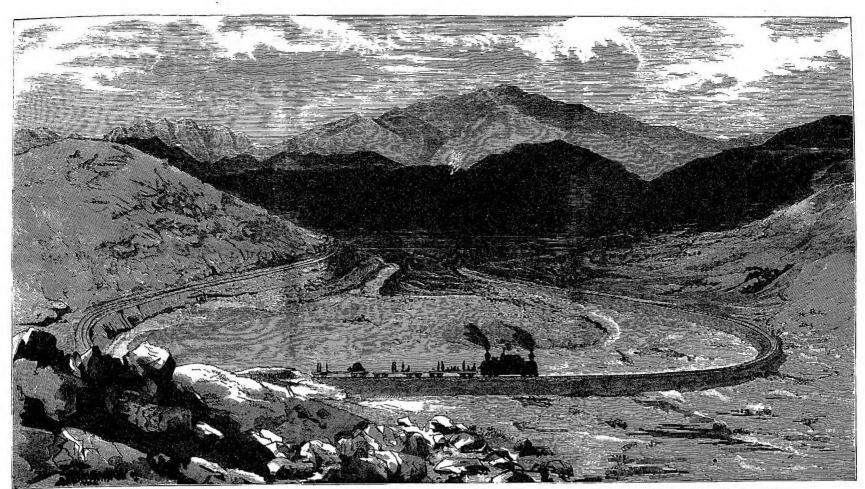


THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF THE PHOONGYEE, TAI-ZA-WONDA, AT AKYAB, ARACAN, BRITISH BURMA

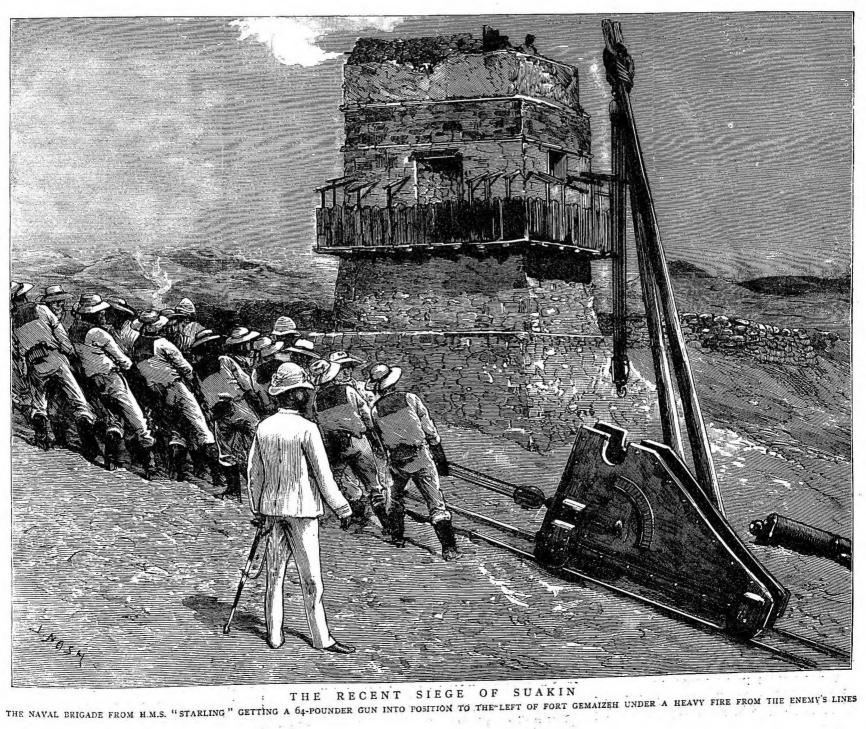
THE EARTHENWARE PAN OVER WHICH TAI-ZA-WONDA BURNED HIMSELF TO DEATH WITH KEROSINE



A SWARM OF WHITE ANTS



INDIAN FRONTIER DEFENCE—THE HORSE-SHOE NEAR KOTAL STATION ON THE UPPER BOLAN STATE RAILWAY



body was charred, but the legs were only half-consumed, and are preserved in spirits. The monastery is now crowded with people who come to see the remains of one who, when alive, was considered the best local preacher, learned in the Scriptures, and skilled in Pali. Tai-za-wonda was about thirty-two years of age, was educated in Mandalay, and had been Phoongyee for nearly twenty tears.

THEATRICALS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"On the evening of some theatricals at Secunderabad," writes Mrs. Amy H. Brackenbury, who has sent this sketch, "a swarm of white ants arrived just as we were at dinner. Every house for five miles round was infested with them, and it was almost impossible to sit at table, or to eat anything. These insects have bodies about the size of earwigs, and four large wings like a dragon-fly, which they drop at will. The lights attracted them, and the numbers round each lamp almost obscured it. They buzzed into one's hair, and down one's neck, and dropped their wings into the wine and the food, until at last we were fairly turned out of doors. We fled to the theatre, hoping to find matters better, but there they were worse, and some of the audience declined to face such a plague, and returned home. The actors went through their parts with praiseworthy equanimity, much to the credit of their nerves and patience. My sketch shows a few of the audience who braved the evil, and they were eventually rewarded for their courage, as the worst was over in about three-quarters of an hour, and only a few stragglers remained. At the end of that time they had shed their wings, and crawled over us in the earwig stage, only a little less disagreeable. The lizards on the walls and the bats had a fine feast, and gorged until they could hardly move." "On the evening of some theatricals at Secunderabad," writes Mrs. could hardly move."

HORSESHOE CURVE ON THE BOLAN RAILWAY

THIS curve is near the Kotal station on the Upper Bolan State THIS curve is near the Kotal station on the Upper Bolan State Railway. The line is narrow gauge, and is worked by Fairlie's patent double engines—these being necessitated by the heavy grade, of which the steepest portion is I in 18, situated at an altitude of 5,182 feet above sea level. A new and rack-rail line is now being constructed, and this will shorten the distance and lessen the grade. The rack or Abt engines are not to be seen in any other part of India, their introduction into the country having been the grade. The rack or Abt engines are not to be seen in any other part of India, their introduction into the country having been first proposed for the Bolan Railway by Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, Director of the North-Western Railway. The length of the Upper Bolan or Narrow Gauge Railway is 9½ miles from Kotal to Hirokle. The line is practically a series of curves—the sharpest being of 50 chains radius.

SUAKIN-GETTING A 64-POUNDER INTO POSITION

OUR illustration of the operations at Suakin this week shows the OUR illustration of the operations at Suakin this week shows the men of H.M.S. Starling getting into position a 64-pounder which had been landed from the vessel to be placed in position in Fort Gemaizeh. The work was accomplished under a heavy fire from the enemy's trenches, and within a few feet of the spot where the late Mr. Wake was killed. Once mounted, the gun did much execution in the Arab trenches, and in a measure paved the way for General Grenfell's victory of December 20th.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

Considerable public attention has been recently directed towards this ancient body, owing to the sudden resignation of their commissions by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Portland, and Colonel Borton, who were respectively Captain-General, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adjutant of the regiment. This incident was immediately followed by the peremptory disarmament of the corps by the authorities of the War Office, who allege that it had fallen into a state of indiscipline. This allegation is strenuously denied, and, at all events, it is to be hoped that such an ancient and honourable armed force will be reorganised, and the defects, whatever they were, removed, which led to the coup d'état of last month. The Honourable Artillery Company represents the oldest existing body of Volunteers in this country, having been instituted in 1585. It was soon after broken up, but was revived in 1610, and held its meetings for military exercises at the Artillery Ground, Finsbury, where the London Archers had met since 1498. In the Civil War (1642-8) the Company espoused the Parliamentary cause, and greatly contributed towards its success; and in June, 1780, during the Gordon Riots, it successfully defended the Bank of England against two attacks by the rioters. Since 1849 the Company's officers have been appointed by the Crown.—Our engravings are borrowed by permission from the "History of the Honourable Artillery Company," in two volumes, written by Major G. A. Raikes, 3rd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, and late Captain-Instructor of Musketry, H.A.C. of Musketry, H.A.C.

DINNER TO THE FREEMEN OF THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY ON ST. THOMAS'S EVE

YEARLY, on the eve of St. Thomas, the Freemen and Freewomen YEARLY, on the eve of St. I homas, the Freemen and Freewomen of this Company meet to dine in their Hall in Mincing Lane. A good old-fashioned Christmas dinner is partaken of by about two hundred and fifty men and women, either "born free" or made free of the Company by seven years of apprenticeship. After dinner, each person receives a guinea for travelling expenses, and gifts of clothing, &c., are made to the more necessitous of the aged. Last St. Thomas's Eve the Master of the Company in a highly-interesting speech taking their coat of arms as text case and interesting speech, taking their coat of-arms as text, gave an epitome of the history of the Company. He traced the history of the craft from the mediæval times. Although cloth-working has almost deserted London, the Company has followed the craft to its now recognised home, Yorkshire, and has there established

now recognised home, Yorkshire, and has there established technical schools for the encouragement of design and the art of working cloths; and to this end it annually votes many thousands of pounds to such schools, both in England and Scotland.

The Hall of the Company is a stately building, lying almost hidden among those commercial palaces, the homes of the tea-trade, in Mincing Lane. The present Hall is modern, having been built early in the fifties, and was opened by the Prince Consort. It possesses a splendid suite of drawing and reception-rooms besides the stately Great Hall, in which, on the buffet at the upper end, is displayed the sumptuous silver plate of the Company. Prominent the stately Great Hall, in which, on the bullet at the upper end, is displayed the sumptuous silver plate of the Company. Prominent among the loving-cups is one—a lovely specimen of silversmiths' art—presented by quaint old Samuel Pepys, Clerk to the Admiralty and Master of the Corporation.

In the Clothworkers' we have a guild which is earnestly keeping

itself alive to the needs of the age, and liberally encouraging efforts which are calculated to be of service to the ancient craft, and is not, as is vulgarly supposed, spending its great wealth in mere sordid

TOBOGGANING IN SWITZERLAND

WINTER in Switzerland is by no means so unpleasant as many winter in Switzerland is by no means so unpleasant as many summer tourists might think, a fact that English people are beginning to find out. In such elevated places as St. Moritz, Maloja, or Davos Platz there is quite a colony of visitors every winter, who find no lack of amusement either out or indoors, the snow being hard and crisp, so that all kinds of winter sports such as the Anglo-Saxon loves may be freely indulged, and skating, curling, and tobogganing in particular, while the bright sunshine overhead gives immunity

from chill when a short rest is required. Indeed, the winter visitors have so increased that they are able to publish an annual, the St. Moritz Post, Davos and Maloja News Special Christmas Number, of which the latest investment of the state of the latest investment. St. Moritz Post, Davos and Maloja News Special Christmas Number, of which the latest issue has just appeared, and amongst its contributors are such well-known names as those of Mr. J. Addington Symonds, Miss Braddon, Mr. Arthur Pinero, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Bancroft, and Mrs. Main (Mrs. Fred. Burnaby), whose photographs serve for two of the illustrations.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Morris Hudson, and represents an incident at Lausanne—a friendly rivalry between some fair Swiss maidens and two British visitors—both parties evidently thoroughly enjoying the swift, smooth glide of the toboggans down the snow-clad slope.

NOTES IN THE LAKE NYASSA REGION—II.

No one can read the various accounts which have come from the lower Nyassa Region, and which have been given by Mr. J. T. Last and the Rev. A. Hetherwick in the Proceedings of the Geographical Society, and by Mr. Moir in a recent number of Longman, without feeling transported back into the past century, when little further was known of the Dark Continent save that the people were cannibals, and had a pleasant way of quaffing confusion to their was known of the Dark Continent save that the people were cannibals, and had a pleasant way of quaffing confusion to their enemies from the skulls of the vanquished. There now come stories of the Yaos feasting their friends on human flesh, and calling it roast "goat," of a certain chief wishing for Mr. Last's skull as a drinking bowl, of whole villages burned and their inhabitants slaughtered by a petty potentate for some fancied slight, of men and women being buried alive at a chief's funeral, of the ordeal of a poisoned cup for witchcraft, and of the most fiendish cruelties perpetrated by the slave hunters, even to driving their victims into a crocodile-infested marsh, and then setting fire to the sun-dried reeds. Such are a few of the incidents casually reported during the past few months from the region we are illustrating, where, as we recorded last week, a British trading company and a number of we recorded last week, a British trading company and a number of missionary societies are striving to implant the germs of civilisation.

There is even a British Consul, Mr. Albert Hawes, to whom, through Mr. Milford Hallett, we are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings are taken. Mr. Hawes' Consulate is at Zomba, which lies south of Lake Nyassa, and to the westward of Lake Kilwa or Shirwa. The natives round about are mainly of the Yao tribe, amongst whom the practice of cannibalism and the custom of burning alive above referred to still exist. Although the natives have much intercourse with the coast Mahomedans, the influence of the latter has had little effect in changing their barbarous religious practices, or in inducing them to embrace Mahomedanism. During practices, or in inducing them to emorace Manomedanism. During Mr. Last's visit to that region he made an interesting trip with Consul Hawes to Angoni Land. Angoni Land lies to the north-west of Yao, mainly on the right bank of the Shire River, and extends to the southern shore of Lake Nyassa. Unlike the Yaos, who are ruled by a number of chiefs, the Angonis have one supreme Sovereign, King Chikusi, who is greatly revered, as he is in the habit of cutting off the heads of such subjects as show the slightest disobedience. As may be seen, the costume differs very little from that of other African tribes, while their arms are chiefly clubs and spears, and large oval-shaped shields. The King has a few guns, but these are only used for elephant-hunting or for firing salutes of benous

CHILDREN'S NURSERY TABLEAUX

Young folks of all ages-from "tinies" who can scarcely toddle, Young tolks of all ages—trom "times who can scarcely toddie, up to ladies and gentlemen of five-and-twenty (and often a good deal older)—are fond of acting. There are all kinds and degrees of amateur theatrical entertainments, from those devoted sons and daughters of Thespis who get up some such piece as Still Waters Run Deep, or Our Boys, fortified by weeks of previous rehearsal, and provided with a portable stage, dresses from a regular costumier, and provided with a portable stage, dresses from a regular costumier. and provided with a portable stage, dresses from a regular costumier, and a professional barber in attendance, down to the drawing-room impromptu charade, where the coat-rack in the hall and the ladies' retiring-room supply all needful changes of dress. Of the two sorts, the latter divertisements are, perhaps, the most enjoyable to the lookers-on. But the interest is freshest when the performance is given by children, because there is still some simplicity about children, even in this blasé age; and because parents, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, and grandmothers delight in watching the doings of the rising generation. In the proverbe which Mr. Barnes has illustrated, and which we presume may be "A stitch in time saves nine," grandmamma is critically examining her descendant's needlework. nine," grand needlework.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

A NEW STORY, by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brewtnall, R.W.S., and E. C. Barclay, begins on page 17.

"DEAD FOR WANT OF WATER"

IN the Australian bush there are more men who perish for want of that necessary article, water, than from any other cause.

In consequence of the almost waterless condition of some of the tracks in the far interior of Australia, numbers of men who, perhaps, have simply depended upon the water-bag they carry in their hands, on the chance of obtaining a drink from some other traveller they might pick up on the track get finally exhausted and the same of the track get finally exhausted. they might pick up on the track, get finally exhausted, and having at last managed to stagger into the bed of some dry but shady creek, have lain down and perished, to be found some day by a chance stockman passing that way, and buried, or perhaps never found at all.

Many men who have gone out into the Australian bush are never Many men who have gone out into the Australian bush are never heard of again. Not receiving letters from them, their friends in England advertise in some of the Australian papers, or place the matter in the hands of some Colonial Inquiry Agent, but poor Tom or Bill is never heard of, and his friends come to the conclusion that, perhaps, he has cleared out for some other country. And so he has; and in some far-off part of the Australian bush, his bleached bones are lying about some quiet nook, and will some day be found by some stockman or police-trooper who may chance to drop upon them. drop upon them.

The writer himself assisted to bury three men who had perished for want of water last year, on Cooper's Creek.—Our engraving is from a sketch by A. Esam, 7, Westfield Villas, Ealing Dean, W., who has also supplied the foregoing details.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is so universally regarded as the recognised exponent of ancient Greek and Roman life and manners, that it exponent of ancient Greek and Roman life and manners, that it comes like a comparative surprise to meet him in the character of a portrait painter. He has here depicted a very charming lady, and, it is to be hoped, will continue to vary his severer studies by excursions into this eminently popular domain of his profession.—This engraving forms the Frontispiece to Vol. XXXVIII.

"LOST IN THE BUSH"

THIS small engraving may serve as a pendant to our large picture. In this case a shepherd was lost in the Tasmanian bush on September 1st, 1886. As soon as he became missing a large number of men searched the bush for seven days, but without success. And any one who knows the bush will well understand how small are the chances of finding a person, alive or dead, in the depths of the

primeval forest. Recent fires burnt down much of the scrub, and on September 24th, 1888, more than two years after his death, the few remains we have pictured were found under a large gum-tree,



together with the boots, and a few remnants of tattered clothing, Other parts of the skeleton were doubtless removed by animals, and the parts remaining show marks of severe handling.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. Henry A. Roome, J.P., of West-



THE magnificent revival of Macbeth at the LYCEUM has resulted, as was expected, in a fierce controversy regarding the true view of the character of the Scottish usurper. Not more unexpected, perhaps, was the wordy warfare which has been raging this week over the question of Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth, which is certainly not the Lady Macbeth to which the Pritchard and Siddons tradition not the Lady Macbeth to which the Pritchard and Siddons tradition has accustomed us. Miss Terry even found a champion before her rich red Titianesque wig and long-descending plaits had emerged from the condition of a mere rumour. This was Mr. Comyns Carr, whose wife, a lady of well-known artistic tastes, is understood to have contributed valuable service in the way of designs for the gowns that Miss Terry wears in the play. As the public have probably, by this time, heard nearly as much as they desire to hear on these knotty questions, we must be content with a very few words on the subject. As to Macbeth, there seems to be a little vagueness on both sides in stating the issue. Why make Macbeth a craven? asks one, when it is his personal prowess that makes him at once a formidable rival to the amiable roi faintant Duncan, and a dreamer of perilous dreams of ambition. To this Duncan, and a dreamer of perilous dreams of ambition. Mr. Irving has answered in a semi-official way that he sees no connection between personal courage in the field and a weak habit of yielding to superstitious terrors under the promptings of a burdened conscience. It may at once be admitted that there is no necessary antagonism between these two things. The bravest of men have been superstitious; and that "conscience doth make cowards of all" we have the authority of Hamlet for saying. But then Mr. Irving's superstitious terrors do not strike us as the superstitious terrors of a brave man; and the cowardice which his conscience-stricken moods bring on is made to seem too like the cowardice that is deep seated in the craven nature. The spectator looks for something majestic even in the moral wreck of such a man; and this is what Mr. Irving neglects to suggest. As to Miss Terry's gentle, clinging, affectionate spouse, it is obviously not Lady Macbeth—though it is probably the only sort of Lady Macbeth whom this sweetly tender and poetical actress is capable of presenting whom this sweetly tender and poetical actress is capable of presenting us with. Here, too, there has been a little obscurity regarding the matters in dispute. Great critics have, we are aware, discovered traces in Lady Macbeth of a better nature. Her reluctance to kill the venerable King, her guest, because he resembled her "father as he slept," shows at least that she drew the line at parricide, and so far this should, of course, he entered to her credit. We must not this should, of course, be entered to her credit. We must not forget, too, that she had, presumptively, been a good and faithful wife, as is indicated by her partner's tender expressions regarding her. But, granting all this, and something more in the same direction, it would still be Miss Terry's business to weld her various qualities together, so that a total result might be at least a conceivable personage. Incitements to treason and barbarous murder sit ill upon a woman who is all love and caresses, and whose voice, do what she will, is wholly wanting in the tragic note. It is as if some one should attempt to play Jekyli and Hyde without the alternate transformations. The effect, to put it plainly, borders on the ludicrous: though mathing put it plainly, borders on the ludicrous; though nothing could be more touching or full of sorrowful suggestions than her sleep-walking scene. Miss Terry has, moreover, one great claim on our favour which Mr. Irving unhappily greatly needs. This arises from her honest unaffected delivery. Since 1875, when Mr. Irving last played Macbeth, he has learnt much, and it must be confessed that the general objection to his mode of interpreting the character is in some degree removed, for he does not scream or whine, as he was wont to do, in the murder scene, and he abates not a little of the old exaggeration of Macbeth's terrors. But his eccentricities of utterance, his habit of giving to some syllable, of no discernible special importance, an extraordinary emphasis, or of speaking some particular word with a capricious modulation, has even grown with time. Nothing short of half a dozen repetitions of the "a" in "ague" could convey an idea of his mode of pronouncing that word when invoking disaster upon the forces of Macduff.

It is an agreeable task to turn from these controversies and discussions of matters of taste to the subject of the mounting of a revival which must be for ever memorable in the annals of the stage. In scenic art, England may now be fairly said to stand pre-emment. With the exception of the Meiningers, who now and then, when 2 home, are worthy rivals, there is nothing to be seen on Continental stages which will compare for mise-en-scene with the Lyceum production of, say, Much Ado About Nothing, or Lord Tennyson's poetical play of The Cup. The Macbeth does not excel, though it equals, these productions; but it may confidently be said that in no previous production under Mr. Irving's reign has scenic art, in its highest form, been so faithfully subdued to the purpose of illustrating a poetical play.

previous processes of aithfully subdued to the purpose of illustrating a poetical play.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Beerbohm Tree repeated at the HAYMARKET the performance of The Merry Wives of Windsor as lately given at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Tree's impersonation of Falstaff is full of force and splrit, and is a little wanting only on the side of the exuberant joviality of the fat knight. The cast, which includes Miss Lingard, Miss Rose Leclercq, Mrs. Tree, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Righton, Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Vollaire, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps, was remarkably strong; and the comedy was put upon the stage with great care. It will be repeated every Wednesday afternoon throughout the holidays.

The St. James's will remain closed during the preparations for the production of a new play by Mr. Outram Tristram, entitled The Panel Picture, which will be produced in the latter days of the present month.



THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, the late Governor-General of India, is gazetted Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Italy.

Plenipotentiary to the King of Italy.

AMONG THE NEW YEAR'S honours bestowed by the Queen is the appointment of Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, M.P., Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, and of Baron de Worms, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, to be members of the Privy Council; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, K.C.B., H.M.'s representative at Teheran, is made a G.C.B.; a Baronetcy is conferred on Sir Frederick Bramwell; and the list of new Knights includes the Mayors of Bristol and Nottingham, and Mr. Myles Fenton.

and Nottingham, and Mr. Myles Fenton. MR. BRIGHT was, in the middle of the week, pronounced to be progressing steadily towards convalescence.

POLITICAL.—The first noticeable contribution to the political oratory of the New Year was made by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett on Tuesday, who, addressing a large Conservative gathering at Portland, closed a review of the situation in Egypt by saying that when land, closed a review of the situation in Egypt by saying that when the occasion arose, when any great European cataclysm occurred, or if the Ottoman Empire should be broken up, then it would be both easy and just for England to turn occupation into possession.—
Lord Ripon, addressing a gathering of Gladstonians at Ayr on Wednesday, commented on Lord Salisbury's Edinburgh speech, and rather oddly requested to be informed what justification the Premier had for saying that any leader of the Irish party ever made any proposal inconsistent with the just rights of private property.—
The Bill authorising the construction of the Channel Tunnel having been once more deposited in the Private Bill Office, Mr. Gladstone's approval of the Channel Tunnel scheme has not prevented the Board of Trade from informing the promoters of the scheme that, if re-introduced into Parliament, the Government will, scheme that, if re-introduced into Parliament, the Government will, as previously, oppose it.—Sir John Pender (L U) has accepted the the invitation of the local Liberal Unionist and Conservative Associations to become Unionist candidate for the seat vacant in the Govan Division of Lanarkshire. Sir John, so well known for his connection with ocean telegraphy, represented Totnes 1862-66, and the Wick Burghs 1872-85.—Baron Clarina has been elected an Irish temperaturing Parts. representative Peer, in succession to the late Earl of Lucan.

THE COUNTY COUNCILS .- All the first elections of County THE COUNTY COUNCILS.—All the first elections of County Councillors must take place during the present month, on such day in each county, not earlier than the 14th, as the Returning Officer may fix. At many meetings of Courts of Quarter Sessions this week valedictory addresses have been delivered and votes of thanks passed to their Chairmen.—Nominations for the County of London will be received up to the 9th inst., and the polling is fixed for the 17th.—Sir John Lubbock having a strong feeling that the choice of the electors ought not to be determined by party considerations, writes to contradict the statement that he is standing as a Liberal Unionist for the City Division of the London County Council. Unionist for the City Division of the London County Council.
The requisition asking him to become a candidate was signed not only by prominent Conservatives, but by the leading Liberals of both sections.—Among what may be called "the curiosities of candidature" in London is that of Mr. Augustus Harris, the well-

didature" in London is that of Mr. Augustus Harris, the well-known lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, who offers himself for election in the Strand Division of Westminster.

IRELAND.—Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., has received a lesson from which he can hardly fail to profit. At Tralee, and under the Crimes Act, he has been sentenced, this time with hard labour, to six months' imprisonment, for having published in his newspaper, the Kerry Sentinel, a report of the proceedings at a meeting of a suppressed branch of the National League.—Mr. Finucane, M.P., has been sentenced at Castle Connell to four months' imprisonment for aiding and abetting proceedings taken to months' imprisonment for aiding and abetting proceedings taken to prevent a tenant from continuing in the occupation of an evicted farm. He appealed, and was liberated on bail.—Mr. Sheehan, M.P., was found guilty at Killarney of conspiring to prevent the tenantry on the Kenmare estates from paying their rents. But on account of delicate health he was liberated on his own recognisances.

account of delicate health he was liberated on his own recognisances. The Death is announced of Viscount Eversley (known in public life as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre), within a few weeks of completing his ninety-fifth year. The late Viscount Eversley engaged in public life with the advantage of a connection with two distinguished political families, his wife being the daughter of the eminent Whig, Samuel Whitbread, by a daughter of Earl Grey, of Reform Bill celebrity. He entered the House of Commons, in 1830, as a Liberal, and having distinguished himself by his knowledge of its Rules and Procedure, he was elected Speaker, in 1839, by a majority of only eighteen over his Conservative competitor, Mr. Goulburn. But in the Chair he displayed such ability and impartiality, that during three successive Parliaments, in one of which Sir tiality, that during three successive Parliaments, in one of which Sir Robert Peel had a large majority, he was re-elected Speaker with the approval of both parties. He retired from the Speakership in when he received a Peerage, which now becomes extinct.

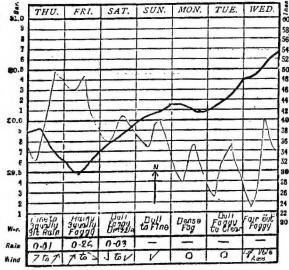
OUR USUAL OBITUARY includes the death, in her eightyeighth year, of the Countess of Sheffield, mother of the present harl of Sheffield; in his eighty-fourth year, of Lord William Osborne-Elphinstone, brother of the eighth Duke of Leeds, who was Military Secretary, 1836-41, to Lord Auckland, when Governor-General of India; in his fifty-ninth year, of Sir John R. Blois, Bart., in 1862 High Sheriff of Suffalk; in his sixty-fourth year. Governor-General of India; in his fifty-ninth year, of Sir John R. Blois, Bart., in 1862 High Sheriff of Suffolk; in his sixty-fourth year, of Lieutenant-General Horatio H. Morant, who served with distinction in the Crimea, and in New Zealand during the Maori War of 1864-6; in his fifty-ninth year, of Lieutenant-General Samuel Blyth, who distinguished himself in the New Zealand wars of 1863 and 1865, and in the Afghan War of 1878-9; of Surgeon-General F. F. Allen, honorary physician to the Queen, who saw a great deal of service in India, and received the thanks of Sir Frederick Roberts for the efficient discharge of his duties, when Deputy-Surgeon-General of the Koorum Field Force; in his seventy-fifth year, of the Rev.

Frederic J. Norman, Hon. Canon of Peterborough, Rural Dean and Frederic J. Norman, Hon. Canon of Peterborough, Rural Dean and Rector of Bottesford; of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson, D.D., many years a fellow and tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, Senior Wrangler in 1845, and author of treatises on mechanics and optics; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. Alderman Emanuel, one of the oldest Liberals in Portsmouth, of which town he was Mayor in 1867, formerly a member of the well-known firm of jewellers there, and an active promoter of the development of Southsea as a watering-place; in his sixty-fifth year, of Mr. William G. Goodliffe, late Accountant-General, India Office; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. George year, of Mr. William G. Goodhite, late Accountant-General, India Office; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. George Murdoch, R.N., who was for many years Chief Inspector of Machinery, attached to the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, prosecuted valuable experiments as to the evaporative qualities of the coal used in the Navy, and who claimed to have invented in 1866 the breechlanding system of ordnance; in his fitty-first year, of Mr. I. I. Colein the Navy, and who claimed to have invented in 1800 the breech-loading system of ordnance; in his fifty-first year, of Mr. J. J. Coleman, inventor of the refrigerating-machine which bears his name; in his sixty-eighth year, of Mr. Henry M. Dunphy, for upwards of forty years on the staff of the Morning Post; and of Mr. James Swinton, once well-known in London society by his portraits of distinguished persons of both sexes, executed with singular grace in crayon-drawings, the size of life, and also by his portraits in oil.

Books of Reference, &c.— "Hazell's Cyclopædia," which will in future be known as "Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson, and Viney), has now reached its fourth year of publication. The new edition for 1889 contains, amongst other additions, articles on Armour-plates and Ordnance, China, Cycling, Drama, Literature of 1888, British and Foreign Navies, and a host of other useful and interesting subjects. The articles are necessarily condensed, but the salient points of each are prominently set forth, and the annual is without doubt a very convenient "cyclopædic record of men and topics of the day."—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. send us samples of their "Concise" Diaries, beautifully printed in blue and brown, and bound in Russian leather. They are neat and convenient proand bound in Russian leather. They are neat and convenient productions, and contain a lot of useful matter without in any way being cumbrous.—The aim of the "Perennial" Diary (John Heywood, Deansgate, Manchester) is to enable those who wish to keep a record of important events which happen during their life, to do so concisely, thus obviating the necessity of keeping a diary every year.—"The Year's Art" (Virtue and Co.) has grown so during its ten years of publication that the publishers have found it necessity. its ten years of publication that the publishers have found it necessary to increase the price. We cannot say more in praise of the present volume (1889) than that it is equal in all respects to its predecessors.—"The Educational Annual" for 1889 (G. Philip and predecessors.—"The Educational Annual" for 1889 (G. Philip and Son), which makes its first appearance this year, is a most instructive handbook of educational information. A very useful feature of the book is a list of the principal schools, colleges, and educational societies in the United Kingdom. The new venture is certainly deserving of success.—"The Financial Reform Almanac" for 1889 (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.) contains particulars relating to the Income Tax, Army and Navy Estimates, the cost of Royalty, Finance, and a lot of statistical information.—We have to acknowledge the first volume of the Sun (James Nisbet and Co.), a new magazine with a somewhat religious tendency. The volume contains some excellent stories and capital illustrations.—We have also received "Myra's Diary and Every-day Reference Book" for 1889 (Myra and Son), "The Home Alamanac," "The Cottagers' Almanac," and "The Churchman's Almanac" (S.P.C.K.).

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (and inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum aminimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the first part of this week was mild and showery in most places, but subsequently became much colder and finer, although very foggy over some parts of England. At the commencement of the time an anticyclone lay over France, while a depression was found off the North-West Coasts of Ireland, and another off the West Coast of Norway. These disturbances quickly moved away in a North-Easterly direction, and in their rear the mercury rose briskly over our Islands, while the anticyclone shifted to the neighbourhood of the Baltic. The winds at first blew freshly from the Southward generally, but by Friday (28th ult.) they had veered to the Westward over England and to the Northward over Ireland, and lulled considerably in all places. Showery or rainy weather prevailed over the greater part of the country, and while the air was decidedly mild, speaking generally, slight frost was experienced at several of the Scotch Stations. By Saturday (29th ult.) a material recovery in pressure was shown over our Islands, and the Eastern portion of an anticyclone had advanced to our Western Shores, and while the old high pressure system still held over the Baltic, shallow depressions were found both over the North-West of Norway and in the South of France. Northerly winds now became very general, and produced a decided fall in temperature, and although the sky as a whole was clear and bright, thick local mists or fogs were reported from the South of England, at times with very sharp ground frosts. After Sunday (30th ult.) the mercury fell briskly for the time in the North-West as a depression skirted that region, going North-Eastwards, and the anticyclone in the West moved Eastwards across the Southern portions of the United Kingdom to the Continent. By the close of the week a further



TURNER'S WELL-KNOWN PICTURE OF "DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE" has been presented by the Duke of Westminster to the Melbourne Public Gallery.

CHINESE FAMILY AFFECTION does not lessen with the advance of Western ideas. One of the chiefs officials of the Kao-changmiao Arsenal, lately held a five days' festival with religious services, feasts, and theatricals to commemorate his wife's fiftieth birthday, although the good lady died twenty years ago.

An Ingenious Method of obtaining help when lost in the bush was recently practiced in South Australia. A man got hopelessly "bushed" while near the overland telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin, and after wandering about for four days decided to cut the telegraph wires and camp on the spot. His plan succeeded. The telegraph repairers were sent out along the line to discover the cause of the interruption, and came upon the wanderer well-nigh exhausted. well-nigh exhausted.

THE AUTOMATIC MACHINES to be found in most English railwaystations distributing sweets, cigars, scents, post-cards, &c., have been turned into topical magic-lanterns in Paris. By dropping two sous into the slit, the passer-by may enjoy a graphic view of the execution of Prado. Equally ingenious,, but less horrible, was the use made of one of these machines at a recent Transatlantic fancy fair on behalf of a chapel, when the invitation ran, "Drop a dollar into the slot and see the pastor smile."

THE "QUESTION BOULANGER" is the joke of the hour in the Paris New Year's Fair. It is is a regular sell but delights the Parisians none the less. The "Question" consists of a man lying on his face on a piece of cardboard, and wearing a big red or green hat. On his head being touched the little man slides along the cardboard by means of a little jet ball hidden in his hat—la boule en jais—a most excruciating pun. The bonbon of the season is the Romeo, named in honour of Madame Patti's appearance in Mr. Gounod's opera.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT RACE between Coronet and Dauntless which attracted so much interest in 1887, turns out to have been hardly a fair struggle after all. When the loser, the Dauntless, was in mid-ocean she sprung a leak, which in the captain's opinion lost her the race. The leak was attributed to the vessel straining her stem. Now, however, the yacht has just been thoroughly repaired. at New York, and, when the copper sheeting was removed, the Albany Sunday Press tells us, an auger hole an inch in diameter was discovered on each side of her stem. These holes plainly show that

the Dauntless was tampered with.

THE APPROACHING MARRIAGE of the Emperor of China, on The APPROACHING MARRIAGE of the Emperor of China, on February 23rd, keeps Chinese officials in the utmost state of anxiety and excitement. The Empress-Mother is so determined on all traditional rites being minutely carried out, that she disgraced a whole batch of members of the Board of Ceremonies because they had omitted to notify a minor alteration she had made in the programme. The choice of the future Empress has been formally announced by Government decree, together with the selection of announced by Government decree, together with the selection of two ladies of the harem. The Empress is a cousin of her future spouse, being the daughter of the Empress mother's younger brother, and the fair Yeh-hoh-na-la is described by her mother-in-law-elect as "a woman of virtuous character, and becoming and dignified demeanour." Family ties are supposed to have influenced this choice, as the Empress mother may think that a near relation would be less likely to push her entirely into the background. The other damsels are both named Ta ta-la, and are sisters of thirteen and fifteen years of age.

and fifteen years of age.

ART IN PARIS is re-awakening for the winter season. Various small picture exhibitions have opened their doors, including displays of works by sundry deceased painters and collectors previous to sales, but the most important is the annual Exhibition of the Thirty-Three, in the Rue de Sèze. This collection is organised by the rising generation of 'artists and sculptors, and brings some good young workers to the front. Among the best pictures are the Oriental landscapes by M. Ary Rénan, son of the eminent writer, while pastels are coming into as much favour as in London. Struggling artists decidedly need such opportunities as this Exhibition, owing to the favouritism complained of in the Salon management. Year by year the same artists control the selection of works at the Palais de l'Industrie (so say the malcontents), unduly protect their own pupils, and shut out new men. When the Society of French Artists, who now manage the Salon, held their annual meeting last week a proposal was made to alter the present system of electing the jury, so that each member of the Society should serve in turn. This alteration would have broken up the existing artistic "ring" and given outsiders a fairer chance. But the ruling body was too strong, and rejected the proposition by an immense majority.

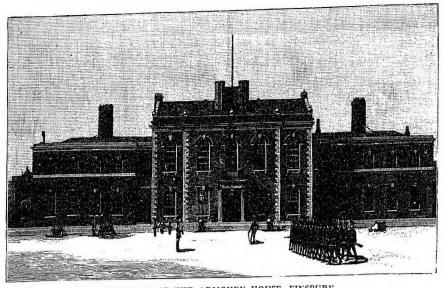
THE CHRISTMAS-TREES IMPORTED TO BERLIN this year would THE CHRISTMAS-TREES IMPORTED TO BERLIN this year would

THE CHRISTMAS-TREES IMPORTED TO BERLIN this year would have formed a perfect forest. Pines and firs poured in from Silesia, Thuringia, the Harz, and especially from Hamburg, whose products were in such demand that the price rose from 7s. to 15s. per 10o. Though public rejoicings were few, the Berliners were as jovial as ever privately, ate their Christmas dish of carp stewed in beer and strolled gaily about the streets where the holiday booths crowded even the pavement under the Royal palace. The little Crown Prince and his brothers were often visible at the windows above watching the fun and evidently longing to evade etiquette and join the throng. The Emperor William's Christmas gift to his eldest son was a model collection of Prussian uniforms from the time of the Great Elector to the present day. The young Emperor's popularity in his capital was plainly Prussian uniforms from the time of the Great Elector to the present day. The young Emperor's popularity in his capital was plainly shown in the Berlin shops this holiday season. His portrait was everywhere, even on brooches and neck-ties, songs in his honour filled the windows, while the fashionable writing-paper displayed medallions of William II. and his sons, and was enclosed in a box bearing Hohenzollern portraits. The popular game, also, was "The Voyage of Emperor William to the South and the North," illustrating the Sovereign's late visits to his brother Monarchs, and representing him in sixteen different uniforms. Speaking of the Emperor the First 20-mark pieces bearing his effigy are just out. Emperor the First 20-mark pieces bearing his effigy are just out.

LONDON MORTALITY has increased and decreased respectively LONDON MORTALITY has increased and decreased respectively during the last two weeks, and 1,802 and 1,641 deaths have been registered, against 1,455 during the previous seven days (a rise of 347, and a fall of 161, being 45 and 323 below the average, and at the rate of 22°0 and 20°0 per 100). There were 184 and 147 deaths from measles, 25 and 20 from scarlet fever, 39 and 34 from diphtheria, 25 and 28 from whooping-cough, 12 and 8 from enteric fever, 16 and 14 from diarrhæa and dysentery, and not one from small-pox. tvphus. ill-defined forms of fever or cholera. Deaths tever, 10 and 14 from diarrnoea and dysentery, and not one from small-pox, typhus, ill-defined forms of fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 440 and 412, and were 86 and 145 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 81 and 52 deaths. Eight and 4 cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,655 and 1,876 births registered, were registered. The previous week being 20 above and 514 below the against 2,291 the previous week, being 29 above and 514 below the average.



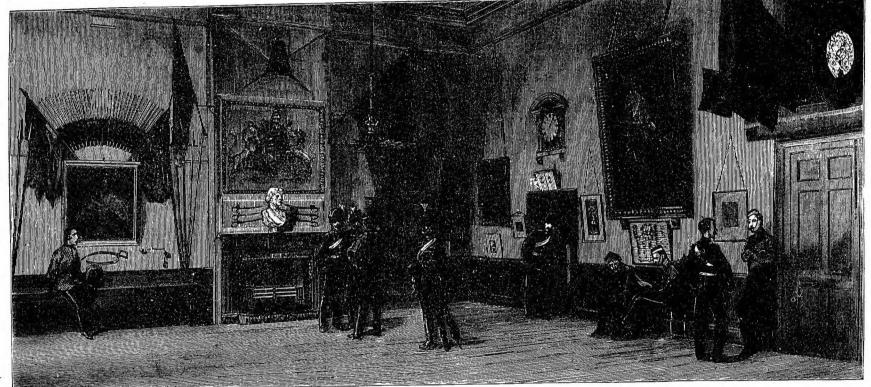
CAP WORN BY OFFICERS OF THE GRENADIER COMPANY DURING THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE



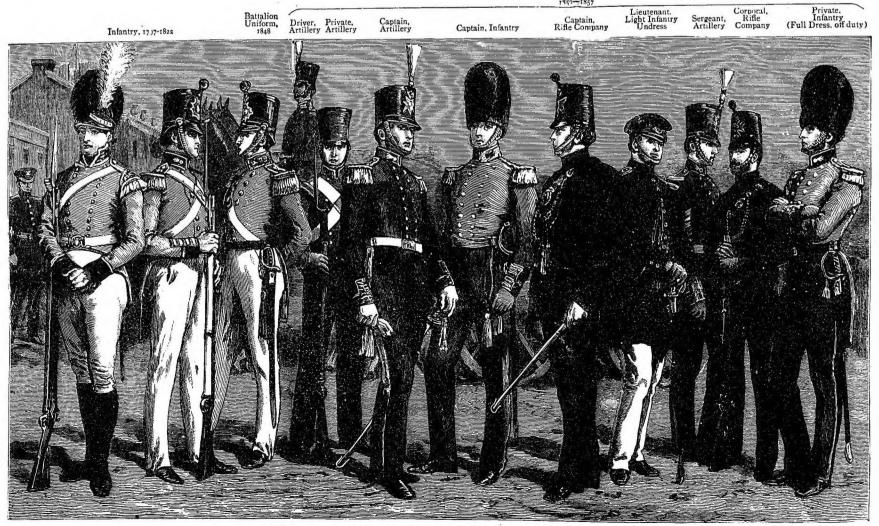
EXTERIOR OF THE ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY



CAP WORN BY OFFICERS OF THE GRENADIER COMPANY DURING THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE I.



GREAT ROOM OF THE ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY

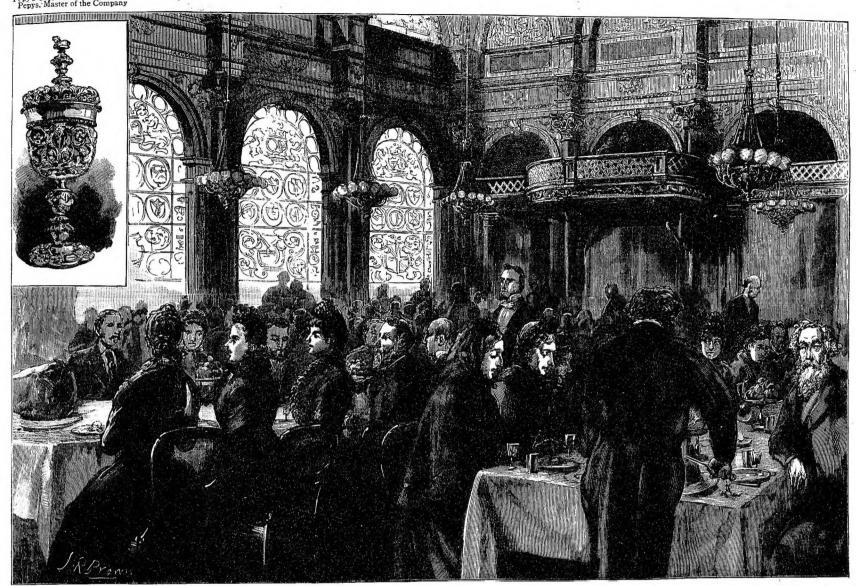


UNIFORMS OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY FROM 1797 TO 1857

THE DISARMAMENT OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY

and the second s

Pepys Cup, Presented by Samuel Pepys, Master of the Company



THE CLOTHWORKERS' COMPANY ON ST. THOMAS'S DINNER TO FREEMEN OF





THE New Year has opened fairly peacefully throughout Europe. The constitutional crisis in SERVIA which threatened to bring about either a coup d'état or a revolution, with a possible sequence of Russian intervention, and a probable Austro-Russian conflict, has Russian intervention, and a probable Austro-Russian conflict, has been temporarily averted, the Radicals having voted the new Constitution en bloc. In order to avoid all possible cause for a démonstration, the King did not open in person the Skupshtina, which at once set to work to discuss the Constitutional scheme. The Radicals wished to make certain amendments, but were met with the reply that the Bill must be voted entire, or rejected. Finally, on Tuesday a deputation interviewed the King, who gave the same answer, and further declared that, if the scheme were rejected, "I shall hold the Skupshtina animated by a revolutionary spirit, and I shall take the further declared that, if the scheme were rejected, "I shall hold the Skupshtina animated by a revolutionary spirit, and I shall take the government of the country into my own hands. . . I shall then have neither the new Constitution nor the old, for I shall remain master, and you will have neither a Gruitch nor a Ristitch Cabinet, but just what Cabinet suits me, and I shall be my own Prime Minister." This very decidedly plain speaking had its effect, and the Committee on the Bill almost unanimously decided that the Constitution should be voted entire. Accordingly, on Wednesday, the Skupshtina voted the complete Bill by 494 votes to 75, there being 17 absentees and three doubtful votes. The Session was to be closed on Thursday by the King, and high distinctions are to be conferred on the leaders of the Radical and Liberal parties.

At the various New Year's official receptions the most pacific

At the various New Year's official receptions the most pacific utterances have been made. In Germany it is true the Emperor has kept an absolute silence, but in Austria-Hungary M. Tisza has expressed his opinion that in view of the Triple Alliance, and the fact that no State in Europe absolutely desires war, "we shall succeed in preserving this year the blessings of peace." In Italy, also, King Humbert, in his speech to the Deputies who came to the Quirinal to offer him New Year congratulations, announced that "My most earnest wish is for the preservation of peace, and it is with the earnest wish is for the preservation of peace, and it is with the greatest satisfaction that I state my belief that for this year also peace is assured." In France President Carnot, when replying to greatest satisfaction that I state my belief that for this year also peace is assured." In France President Carnot, when replying to the congratulations of the Diplomatic Body, made no allusion to international politics, but alluded to the fact that "France was preparing to celebrate by the coming Exhibition a work of industry and of peace." Pessimists, however, indulge in the apprehension that the coming year will be fraught with anything but peace and prosperity to France, and the forthcoming Paris election on the 27th is looked upon as a final test point of General Boulanger's power of upsetting the present and establishing his own reeime. If power of upsetting the present and establishing his own régime. If the General carries the day in the election there is little doubt but that events will be hastened, waverers will flock to the Boulangist ranks, and, as a President is very easily turned out of office in France, it is quite on the cards that General Boulanger may inaugurate the "work of peace and industry" next May. There is little other news of outside interest from France, where the Assembly adjourned on Monday until Tuesday next, when the all dangerous Constitutional Revision question will have to be definitively faced.

The Pope closed his Jubilee year with a special Te Deum in St. Peter's, and the issue of an Encyclical. In this he thanks God for the consolations which the celebration of the Jubilee has brought the consolations which the celebration of the Jubilee has brought to him. "Providence has used this occasion to revive faith and the religious sentiment," continues the Pope, who looks for "the best fruit therefrom." He urges a general revival of the Christian life, with its attendant duties of "humility, self-sacrifice, devotion, and courageous practice of virtue." Unhappily, "the morals of the day are far removed from the principles of the Gospel. The tendency of the age is towards material interests, and is strengthened by worldly pride, an evil Press, the drama, the demorphisation of the arts, the changed education of the schools, matestrengthened by worldly pride, an evil Press, the drama, the demoralisation of the arts, the changed education of the schools, materialistic and atheistic teaching, the obscuring of true notions of right, and the distraction of public and private life." As the outcome of these evils, the Pope specifies Socialism, Nihilism, and Communism. His Holiness exhorts the clergy to remember the influence which their moral conduct has upon the people among whom they live, and he concludes by an invocation beseeching the Almighty to "grant peace to the Human Race." Turning to temporal matters, the negotiations between the Vatican and Russia for the appointment of a Russian Minister to the Vatican are likely to have a most favourable result. to have a most favourable result.

In Eastern Africa our troops at Suakin have been making reconnaissances, and General Grenfell has been in a steamer to Merza, about seven miles from Handoub. He only saw a few Arabs, and the General did not attempt to land. When returning the steamer found deep water close inshore, so that troops could easily be conveyed speedily to Merza, where the anchorage is good, and a pier capable of landing horses and guns could be made in two or three hours by the Engineers. Most encouraging news comes from the local tribes, it being stated that they decline to comply with Osman Digma's summons to assemble in force at Handoub, and that several of the Sheikhs have written to General Grenfell in answer to his proclamation, assuring him of their loyalty, and declaring their willingness to co-operate with him against the Dervishes. to his proclamation, assuring him of their loyalty, and declaring their willingness to co-operate with him against the Dervishes. One of the most important of these Sheikhs is Abd-el-Kader of the Handoub tribe, between Ariab and Kokereb. The works of the new forts are being pushed forward as quickly as possible. Osman has been reinforced at Handoub by one hundred Dervishes, and is reported to have over one thousand men with him and five guns. On Tuesday some Arabwamen who had strayed outside the lines to On Tuesday some Arab women who had strayed outside the lines to pick up firewood were captured by his men. Four Arabs with spears and shields were captured by the Egyptian Cavalry. On Wednesday General Grenfell specially paraded the Egyptian troops, bestowed pecuniary rewards on many of the men for special services, and two officers of the 9th Black Battalion, Said Dervish and Said Radwan were warmly congratulated the general services. on their conspicuous gallantry. A Greek has arrived from Khartoum, stating that when he left nothing was known either there or along the route, of the fall of the Equatorial Province, and the capture of Emin Pasha, the reports of which are now completely discredited. Indeed, at Khartoum it was stated that the Mahdi's forces had been twice defeated in their operations against Emin, that a third expedition had been abandoned, an l the idea of occupying the Equatorial Province relinquished. As for Mr. Stanley, a telegram from Leopoldville on Stanley Pool tells us that his correspondence is detained at Stanley Falls (there is no available steamer at the Falls, which are nine hundred miles from Stanley Pool), and that the letters cannot reach the coast before March. On the Zanzibar coast there has been some heavy fighting at Dar-es-Salam, where the natives have attacked the Germans.

In India, the Native Congress closed its meeting at Allahabad on Saturday, after adopting numerous resolutions asking for the expansion of the Viceroy's Council for making laws and ordinances, for the establishment of trial by jury, and other reforms of the criminal procedure, condemning the police administration as unsatisfactory and oppressive, demanding the adoption of the Volunteer system in India, requesting a Commission to inquire into the present industrial condition of the country, and, finally, asking

that these and other resolutions might be submitted by the Viceroy to the Imperial Government; that these suggested reforms—based as they were upon the Queen's Proclamation of 1858—might now be effected, and that should it be deemed necessary to institute an inquiry. a Parliamentary Committee might be appointed as now be effected, and that should it be deemen necessary to institute an inquiry, a Parliamentary Committee might be appointed as speedily as possible. About fourteen hundred delegates from all parts of India attended the meeting. The next Session will be held either in Bombay or Poona. It is a curious coincidence that while Lord Dufferin's "microscopic minority" of natives are asking for a larger share in the Government, the Crawford Commission has for a larger share in the Government, the Crawford Commission has lor a larger share in the Government, the Crawford Commission has elicited scandalous disclosures of the venality and corruption of native judicial officers which were given in evidence by the Government witnesses under promises of a Government indemnity. The defence was opened at Poona last week, and the opening speech of the defendant's counsel was expected to last seven days. The negotiations at Gnatong for the final settlement of the Sikkim difficulty do not appear to be progressing as speedily as could be difficulty do not appear to be progressing as speedily as could be wished, and the Chinese Ampa is credited with employing Mongolian finesse so as to exhaust the patience the British negotiators.

From Burma the news is, as usual, unsatisfactory. Sawlapaw, Chief of the Red Karens, has anticipated the operations of our troops Chief of the Red Karens, has anticipated the operations of our troops which have been despatched against him, and has attacked and looted the large village of Kyaukmat, in British territory, which was held by a detachment of forty armed police. Reinforcements were at once sent for, and on their arrival Sawlapaw retired. Colonel Harvey and his expeditionary force have accordingly been ordered to delay their advance, and to protect the frontier. Another ordered to delay their advance, and to protect the frontier. Another expeditionary force, under Captain Brooke, has been despatched to punish five of the Karen tribes; while an insurrectionary movement has now broken out in the Yau country, and a force has been despatched to attack the insurgents near Gungaw.

In the United States meet succeeded absence a succeeded absence of the state of the

In the UNITED STATES most successful observations were made of the eclipse of the sun in California on Wednesday. According of the eclipse of the sun in California on Wednesday. According to the Harvard Eclipse Expedition at Willow the corona was large and more irregularly shaped than usual, exhibiting great detail in its filaments. The duration of totality was 118 seconds, or three seconds longer than had been predicted. The drawings show that the corona extending outwards from the sun for two of its diameters—that is, two millions of miles in both directions. At Chicago a beautiful view of the corona was obtained. Two long Chicago a beautiful view of the corona was obtained. Two long streamers pointed nearly west, and two shorter streamers were almost opposite. At the beginning of totality intense red flames burst out on the sun's western side, covering a space of 90 deg. At Nelson, California, Baily's beads were seen at the second and third contacts, but entirely unlike those observed at Denver in 1878. The thermometer fell at various places from 7 deg. to 13 deg. during the totality, the general illumination during which was found to be the totality, the general illumination during which was found to be brighter than during the eclipses of 1878 and 1886. Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and the chief fixed stars were plainly visible. Great search was made for the alleged intra-Mercurial planet Vulcan, but no observations of it were recorded except at Anaheim, where the observers claimed to have seen it.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS .-- In Paris General Boulanger has not abandoned his application for divorce. His grievances against his wife are that she has persistently refused to live in the same house with him, and even when he was wounded never came to see him, and of having forbidden their daughters to visit him. To this Madame Boulanger has lodged various answers, giving her reasons for her actions. Prado was executed yesterday week, and maintained his composure, and denied his crime to the last.—In ITALY Signor Mancini, the well-known statesman, died last week.—AUSTRIA is composured at the proper of the state of somewhat alarmed at the naval strength of Roumania on the Danube, and is thinking of establishing a powerful Danube flotilla.

—In GERMANY it has been decided that Professor Geffcken's trial for having published the Emperor's discussions. If GERMAN' It has been detected that you'll shortly take place at Leipsic, and will in all probability be public.—The island of HAYTI continues to be the scene of continual anarchy and revolution owing to the rivalry between General Légitime and General Hyppolite. The latter has been installed President at Cape Haytien.

—In MEXICO there is great indignation at one of the journals having published an account of an insurrection and a terrible massacre of priests, which was reproduced by the New York Herald, and telegraphed to all parts of the world. The whole report was a disgraceful hoax.—In AUSTRALIA the drought in New South Wales disgraceful hoax.—In AUSTRALIA the drought in New S continues, but in Victoria there have been serious floods.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION opens on May 5th, and its promoters confidently predict that it will be quite as successful as though foreign Governments had been eager to assist, instead of holding aloof. There will be 28,000 French and 15,000 foreign exhibitors. The greatest number of the latter—1,600—come from Belgium; Italy follows with 1,000, and England stands third with 600, while the Austrian and Russian sections are also well filled. The British section is particularly well advanced, although the exhibitors have to depend on private enterprise. In 1878—at the last Paris Exhibition, the British Covernment granted to 2001 towards the Absorption. to depend on private enterprise. In 10,0—at the last last Exhibition—the British Government granted 73,000/. towards the department; but this year not a farthing of official money is forthcoming, and so the expense must be met by charging the exhibitors for space. Probably this tax will raise 20,000/. Great Britain has only about half of the area she had last time; and, as space must be given to the Colonies (Victoria, New Zealand, and the Cape) there is little spare room. Most trouble is experienced about Fine Art Section, as owners of pictures do not care about both lending their treasures and paying for space, transport, and insurance. A special fund is, therefore, being established to meet the difficulty, towards which Sir Frederick Leighton is earnestly appealing for subscriptions. The British section will be entered through a fine Elizabethan screen.



THE QUEEN remains in the Isle of Wight till the middle of February, but the Empress Frederick and her daughters will leave Her Ma Before quitting England, they will stay with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. Meanwhile, a few guests have been received at Osborne. Countess Marie Münster stayed two days, Mrs. Michael Prothero and Lieutenant Jenner were presented to the Mrs. Michael Prothero and Lleutenant Jenner were presented to the Queen, and on Saturday Canon Capel Cure arrived on a visit, and dined with the Royal party. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. Canon Capel Cure officiated, and in the evening the Canon and Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby dined with the Queen. Her Majesty drives and walks with the Empress Frederick and one of the Princesses daily, whilst Princess Louise and the German Princesses ride out.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family continue to keep

the holiday-season quite privately at Sandringham. They attended Divine Service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey preached. On Monday next Prince Albert Victor goes on a visit to Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. The Duke of Edinburgh will return to England about March next, and will relinquish the command of the Mediterranean squadron.

-Princess Christian on Monday recommenced her free dinners to

the poor children of Windsor, which will be given twice weekly the poor children of Windsor, which will be given twice weekly during the cold season. The Princess herself assisted at the Windsor Guildhall in distributing the soup, rice, and pudding. She is also giving away coals from the Relief Fund which she has instituted. Princess Christian and Prince Albert, and the Princesses Victoria and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princesses Victoria and Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise, and the Princeswight attended the New Year's Service and Louise attended the and Louise, of Schleshig-Holden, on Tuesday afternoon. At the end of February Princess Christain will open a bizaar at the Town Hall, Twickenham, to provide a new Vicarage.—The marriage of the Crown Prince of Italy with Princess Clementina of Belgium is said to be decided, and the betrothal will probably take place next March,



THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD urges, through the Press, the claims at this season of the year which the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association have on the benevolent, as one of which he knows the funds will be wisely administered, and in which confilence is placed. Contributions are received by Mr. J. H. Allen, at the office 46A, Pall Mall, and by its bankers, Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co., St. James's Street, S.W.

THE REV. HARRY JONES, Vicar of St. Philip, Regent Street, an Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, has been appointed one of her Chaplains in Ordinary; and the Rev. Mr. Welldon, Head Mister of Harrow, to be one of Her Majesty's Honorary Chaplains.

THE BENEFICE OF ST. JOHN, Paddington, vacant through the resignation of the Rev. Sir E. Laurie, has been conferred on the Rev. A. Delme-Radcliffe, Vicar of St. Andrew-the-Less, Cambridge.

LORD COLERIDGE, while intimating that a Committee has been formed to erect a Memorial of Christopher Marlowe at Canterbury, his birthplace, says that, though he cannot speak with certainty on the point, he is informed that the Dean and Chipter of Canterbury are favourable to the project, which, we may add, has been opposed in some quarters, on the ground of Marlowe's alleged irreligion and immorality.

SPECIAL THANKSGIVING SERVICES in celebration of the Pope's Sacredotal Jubilee were held last Sunday in all the Roman Catholic

churches of the metropolis.

THROUGH THE RESIGNATION of the Rev. Dr. Newth there is a vacancy in the Principalship of New College, Hampstead, a continuation of the Homerton College founded by the Congregationalists in 1696, and thus one of the oldest of the theological colleges belonging to the Nonconformists.

MR. FREDERICK HARRISON, delivering, on New Year's Day, his usual annual address as President of the English Positivist Committee, said that the power of Christianity for the moral life of the individual was one which Positivism had always recognised, but the power of Christianity for the intellectual, scientific, or political life of nations, or for the industrial life of the present generation, was the problem of the day.



-At a performance of MADAME ALBANI'S LEAVE-TAKING.the Messiah—or rather of certain portions of that oratorio, as some of the most popular numbers, including "The Trumpet shall sound," were for some strange reason omitted—given shall sound," were for some strange reason omitted—given by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall on New Year's night, Madame Albani bade farewell to her admires prior to a visit to Canada, her native land. Save perhaps as to one or two detached appearances, Madame Albani has not professionally visited Canada, since as a girl of thirteen, she left Montreal for the United States. She will now undertake a prolonged Canadian United States. She will now undertake a prolonged Canadian concert tour, which every one will hope may be successful, but she will return in June to take part in Mr. Augustus Harris's season at the Royal Italian Opera. The performance of the Messiah on Tuesday night, with Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Banks, and Mr. Watkin Mills as chief artists, was, barring some obvious defects, a good, and, on the part of the choir which Mr. Barnby directs, a remarkably fine one. Berlioz's Faust will be the next production on the 16th, M. Benoit's oratorio Lucifer being postponed. postponed.

MUSIC IN 1888. We last week summed up the music of the past year so far as the opera and choral concerts were concerned. Orchestral concerts have been numerous, although during 1388 no important new orchestral society has been started. The Philharmonic suffered from an extravagant idea that English-Philharmonic suffered from an extravagant idea that Englishmen were keenly on the look-out for foreign aid. A quarter of a century since this might have been so. But in 1838 Tschikowsky. Widor, Svendsen, and Grieg were successively proved, and, either as composers or conductors, were found wanting, so much so, indeed, that this year we understand reliance is to be placed mainly upon Englishmen. Far more important in their way are the organization of the place and controlled the proposition of the crystal Palace not only on Saturday. orchestral concerts given at the Crystal Palace, not only on Saturday afternoons during the winter, but three or four times a week during the spring and autumn, under Mr. Manns. The London Symphony Concerts have been continued at Mr. Henschel's risk. But Mr. Henschel, though an able musician, is not a great conductor, and despite the fact that the prices have been reduced, the performances started indifferently (they have since improved), and the want of analytical programmes at a moderate price has vexed music-lovers. Analytical programmes are now a necessity at high-class

The past year has also witnessed the final retirement of Madame Christine Nilsson, and the fresh announcement has been made of the retirement of Mr. Sims Reeves. 1888 likewise saw the début of little Otto Hegner, who is less a "pianoforte prodigy than a diminutive artist. Otherwise, save those we have mentione l, no great work has been produced, and no especially great vocalist, pianist violinist, or other executant has appeared. The year has witnessed the rapid rise of Mr. Hamish McCunn, a youth who, although not yet twenty-one, is a composer upon whom enormous expectations are based by those who having, in the course of a long career, seen the wrecking of so many fire honors. the wrecking of so many fair hopes, are not accustomed to prophesy without thought or recklessly. Comic opera is a branch of art which appears to be more or less neglected. The productions during 1888 were numerous, but, with one exception, they have either failed altogether, or have succeeded for reasons into which the question of music itself hardly entered. The exception is Sir Arthur Sullivary of the Control of the higher Arthur Sullivan's Yeomen of the Guard, which aims at a far higher standard of merit than comic opera can usually boast, and gives hopes that it may be the forerunner of a school of genuinely English light opera. light opera. In regard to opera-bouffe generally, managers appear to be squandering their resources in heavy salaries to artists. If, instead, they could induce intellectual dramatists to write librettos which might amuse or interest audiences without insulting the intelligence of ordinary playgoers, musicians would follow suit, and genuine comic opera might once more prove an attraction. For the rest, we have only to say, that more than a thousand concerts have leen given during the year. The balance of profit and loss, from a financial point of view, is none of our business. The net results as they are likely to influence music have been indicated.

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OBITUARY, 1888.—The following, among many others of lesser note, have died during the past year. John Ella, the inventor of analytical programmes and the pioneer of the Musical Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Kroll's Union, Desmond Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Engel of Ryan, Madame Balfe, J. C. Ryan, P. C. P. Pase, Madame Balfe, J. C. Ryan, P. C. Pase, P. C. Pase, Madame Balfe, J. C. Ryan, P. C. Pase, P. C.



WITH THE NEW YEAR a Knighthood has been conferred on ir. Alexander Miller, Q.C.—Mr. A. J. McIntyre, Q.C., has been pointed a Judge of County Courts, on the retirement of Judge

Cooke.

THE CORONER is one of the officials the appointment of whom will rest with the new County Councils. A vacancy, however, having occurred in the Coronership of Merionethshire, a number of candidates for it appeared, and were prosecuting a lively canvass, with a view to the usual popular election, when the Lord Chancellor interfered, ordering the appointment to stand over until made by the County Council. In the mean time the coroners of neighbouring counties will hold such inquests as may be found necessary in Merionethshire.

The Effects are already beginning to be seen of the recent

THE EFFECTS are already beginning to be seen of the recent important decision of the Court of Appeal (reported in this column at the time), which affirmed the right of the Justices to refuse not merely applications for new licenses, but the renewal of old licenses, on a simple consideration of the circumstances of a district. At the Flintshire Quarter Sessions this week the Local Government Board Inspector pointed out that in the mining districts of the county the population had largely decreased, while the number of publicationses remained the same, and that many of them might be closed if the decision of the Court of Appeal was correct. A resolution on the subject was, however, withdrawn in consequence of a statement by the Clerk of the Peace that the Licensed Victuallers' Association intended to appeal to the House of Lords against the decision in question.

The House of Lords Committee on Poor-Law Relief seem to have had their attention called to the numerous cases in which parents able to provide their children with necessaries neglect their duty, and leave their offspring to be cared for by the community, either as the recipients of private charity, or in workhouses, industrial schools, and other philanthropic institutions. A passage to this effect in their Report has led the Local Government Board to issue a circular to Boards of Guardians, pointing out that under Section 37 of the 31 and 32 Victoria, cap. 122, parents wilfully neglecting to properly care for the sustenance and health of any child under fourteen may be punished to the extent of six months' imprisonment; and, further, that it is the duty of the Guardians of the district to prosecute any such offender, and to pay out of their funds the cost of the prosecution.

A PAINFUL CASE was that tried at the Oxford City Quarter

of the Guardians of the district to prosecute any such offender, and to pay out of their funds the cost of the prosecution.

A PAINFUL CASE was that tried at the Oxford City Quarter Sessions this week, when the Rev. Robert H. Baynes, Honorary Canon of Worcester, and formerly Vicar of Holy Trinity, Folkestone, and of St. Michael's, Coventry, was charged with obtaining money by false pretences from Oxford tradesmen and hotel-keepers. The only charge gone into was that he had procured 3% at the Mitre in return for a cheque for that amount on a bank with which he had ceased to have an account, and which returned the cheque. The proprietor of the Mitre admitted that the defendant had been for years a customer, that his credit there was good, and that he could have obtained from it, at any time, four or five pounds on personal security. Further, his brother gave evidence to the effect that the defendant had been for some months in pecuto the effect that the defendant had been for some months in pecuto the effect which have been met by the witness, and that in not a single case had the recipients of the cheques lost a penny. The Recorder expressed himself strongly of opinion that the criminal prosecution should never have been instituted, and that the matter was simply one of debt, recourse for the recovery of which should have been to the county court. The jury, however, taking a different view, and finding the defendant guilty, the Recorder, in discharge of a painful duty, sentenced him to four months' imprisonment, and to be kept to such work as the medical officer of the prison might think him capable of performing.



THE TURF.—Neither the attendance nor the sport was quite up to the average on Boxing-Day at Kempton Park. Lady Winifred secured the most important event, the Christmas Hurdle Handicap, and Mr. S. Woodland, jun., rode a couple of winners. Next day, Ireland, steered by Captain Lee-Barber, secured the Qualifying Hunters' Steeplechase, and Intruder the Richmond Handicap Hurdle Race. Matters were somewhat livelier at Four Oaks Park. On Boxing-Day, the Aston Hurdle Handicap fell to Touch-and-Go, and the Arley Hunters' Steeplechase Plate to Melleray. The latter scored again next day in a selling race, and was bought in for 200 guineas. Horses associated with the Green Isle did very well during the week. Ireland's success is noted above, and Coercion and Orangeman won races at Plumpton on the first day. Mr. Abington rode one winner on Friday and two on Saturday, so bids fair to keep up his reputation. The famous Coronet and the notorious Success (who has taken kindly to the jumping business) were among the winners at Manchester on Tuesday. The New Year Handicap Hurdle Race fell to Sophist. Success could only get second to Hollyoak next day in the Maiden Hurdle Race, and Hollyoak in turn was only third to Willie Blair and Gladstone in the Trafford Park Handicap Steeplechase. Rotherham won the January Hurdle Race, but Graphic, we regret to say, could only get third in the Second Qualifying Steeplechase Plate, which, as there were only three runners, was not a good performance for a horse with such a distinguished appellation.

FOOTBALL.—The Christmas tours of the two crack Southern Clubs have afforded the most interest this week. The Casuals,

get third in the Second Qualifying Steeplechase Plate, which, as there were only three runners, was not a good performance for a horse with such a distinguished appellation.

FOOTBALL.—The Christmas tours of the two crack Southern Clubs have afforded the most interest this week. The Casuals, who were first in the field, began well with a victory over West Manchester, a marrow defeat by Aston Villa, and a victory over Sheffield Club. After that, however, P. M. Walters had to leave them to join the Corinthians, and although in spite of his absence they beat Notts Forest, they have since succumbed to Long Eaton Rangers, Burnley, and Newton Heath.—The Corinthians beat Newton Heath and Newcastle and District, but received an easy and somewhat unexpected defeat from Durham County, and were just beaten by Queen's Park.—In League matches Preston North End have easily defeated West Bromwich Albion and narrowly Blackburn Rovers, and are now practically certain of being the Champion Club. Aston Villa beat Derby County on Saturday and are a good second, and West Bromwich Albion revenged themselves on Stoke. In the last match between those keen rivals, Notts County and Notts Forest, the former were successful.—Rugbywise the "Maoris" sustained their eleventh defeat against Cardiff, and their twelfth against Bradford, but have still a good balance on the right side, with twenty-two victories to their credit. Bradford also beat Halifax, but succumbed to the Fettesian-Lorettonians, who also easily defeated Liverpool. Grant-Asher, the well-known Oxford "half," was playing back for the Scotchmen.

BILLIARDS.—The Aquarium still monopolises all the important matches played in London. There last week Peall, who is probably second only to Roberts as an all-round player, easily defeated Mitchell, by nearly 1,000 points. This week he is attempting to give White 4,500 in 15,000, all in—a difficult task with one who is quite equal to making a thousand or so off the balls. This was proved on Wednesday afternoon, when, after having all the

CRICKET.—Close matches seem to be the rule with the Englishmen in South Africa. After losing their first match by 17, they won their second (against Fifteen of Cape Colony) by 11, Mr. C. A. Smith, the captain, being the highest scorer with 46. Mr. J. II. Roberts has been compelled to come home, and Ulyett has gone out to take his place. "Happy Jack" will be a great acquisition, both as batsman and bowler. Indeed, his services with the ball will be badly wanted if the team should meet the Kimberley C.C., which recently knocked up 568 while playing another club belonging to the Diamond Fields.

THE WEATHER RECORD OF 1888

A COLD and dry spring, a wet and cold summer, a dry and sunny autumn, and a mild and moist winter, sum up the weather history of 1888, so far as the British Islands are concerned. Taking the year as a whole, it is one of the coldest of the century, and were it not for the welcome, but quite unexpected, warmth of November and December, almost every month of the year would be below average temperature.

January alone of the early months of the year was a really pleasant month. The number of frosty nights in that month was below average, the rainfall was slight, the sunshine was fair for the season, and the temperature just came up to average. Over the greater part of the British Islands, so far as the month gave promise of an early and pleasant spring, the promise was deceptive; and yet, by way of contrast to the cold which was to follow, it was well to enjoy beforehand a fairly-good winter month.

With February the real winter of the year began. It was throughout a month of sharp cold, wholly given over to the rule of the bitter north-east wind. It resembled January in having but little rain, and it had a fair amount of sunshine, and but little fog; but there the things which can be said to the advantage of February must end. It was in no respect a month of opening spring—winter, in its surliest mood, claimed the month for its own. Only twice in the beginning of the month, before its wintry character had quite declared itself, did the thermometer touch 50 deg. in London, and, to compensate for that exceptional mildness, the maximum thermometer failed to rise to the freezing-point for three days in succession in the last week of the month.

People who thought that winter had exhausted its possibilities of doing harm when February ended, had a surprise in store for them in March. If February was wintry, March was Arctic. The snow-storms, which had kept themselves in reserve earlier in the year, came forward in full force in March. On March 15th the East Coast route from Scotland to London was blocked with snow nea

April also was a very cold month, with but little trace of the genial presence of spring. For the first ten days the thermometer

did not once touch 50 deg. in London, while the night temperature fell below the freezing-point on every night of these ten. There was a marked absence of those bright and beautiful days which give a foretaste of the coming summer; and while it generally happens that at least once in April the thermometer touches 70 deg. in some part of England, it was only on one or two occasions that it exceeded 60 deg. in the cold, ungenial April of 1888. The north-east wind still held its own, and the Channel-passage to France was often wretched in the extreme, through the cold blasts from the Arctic regions.

wretched in the extreme, through the cold blasts from the Arctic regions.

May was still below average warmth, though it was not such an ungracious and rude May as the May of some recent years, now happily forgotten by most people. It was a very dry month, and people began to have very gloomy forecasts as to the result which the want of rain might have on the growing crops, little thinking that the true danger to the crops of the year would be through too much rain, rather than too little. The north-east wind still held sway, and this accounted both for the continued drought and for the low temperature.

June gave fair promise of summer early in the month. There were one or two days of much warmth, and people began to think that at length the miseries of the year were over, and that we might even have a season like the dry and warm summer of 1887. But yet the omens were not favourable. The north-east wind brought down temperature terribly in the third week of the month, and while the heavy rains which fell in the closing week were all needed by the growing crops, they were the less welcome just at that time when warm sunshine had been so rare. In the North of Scotland, the first week of June had the unpleasant surprise of a general and extensive snow-storm, snow falling for twenty-five consecutive hours

the first week of June had the unpleasant surprise of a general and extensive snow-storm, snow falling for twenty-five consecutive hours at Balmoral on June 2nd and 3rd.

July was a most disappointing month. The rain, which began to fall copiously at the close of June, continued in even greater abundance in July, and the north-east wind also continued with us. The mean temperature of July 11th and 12th was much lower than that of any July days in past years, and the cold was general; for in the far North the first week of July was the coldest July week on record. The cold abated somewhat after the middle of the month, but not the rain, and the month ended with a flood on the 30th, the heaviest day of rain in the year over the South of England. It was a disastrous hay-harvest, nor was there much promise for the ripening grain.

ripening grain.
August was ripening grain.

August was an improvement on July, though it was far from perfect. It was not nearly so wet, and it was not exceptionally cold, but its virtues were mainly negative; we rather praised it because it did not wholly ruin the slender hopes of sunshine at the close of summer, than for any real brightness and warmth which it had. There were a few days warmer than any in July, but not one of excessive heat, and the north-east wind, if not wholly gone, had at least relaxed its hold.

least relaxed its hold.

September was the one really enjoyable month of the year; the rains of July and August quite ceased from the very beginning of the month; the British farmer, who had nearly despaired of reaping any harvest at all, not only reaped a fairly good harvest, all things considered, but secured it under bright and sunny skies, worthy of summer at its best; and in Scotland the weather was even finer than in the South, a perfect month for the tourist.

October was also a favourable month, though not so good as September; its first week gave rise to an unpleasant suspicion that the winter might be early and severe. The frosts and snows of the first week were more severe in many parts of England than any experienced since that date up to the close of the year. Happily the cold did not continue; if it had done so, October would have been absolutely the coldest October on record; but before the close of the month there came an entire change, and the warmth of the last week was altogether exceptional.

of the month there came an entire change, and the warmth of the last week was altogether exceptional.

November was a month of storm and rain, and above all it was a month of high temperature. It brought in a period during which the summer and autumn flowers, which had failed to show themselves to advantage at their proper time, put on their most attractive appearance at the dullest season, and the fields were even greener than they were in May and June. November, 1881, was another such month, and, like the November of this year, it closed a season in which almost every month was below average temperature.

December was a little more wintry in its character than November, but not much. Frost was nearly unknown in many parts of England till the month was well advanced, but unfortunately iog was very prevalent, for the storms of November had ceased to blow, and in the absence of fresh winds the fog came in and took possession. Not so wet as November, December was still in many places a rainy month, but just at the close it seemed as if the wet and mild winter were soon to give place to something more seasonable.

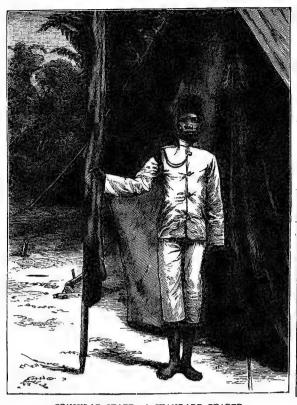
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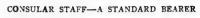
THE STUART EXHIBITION

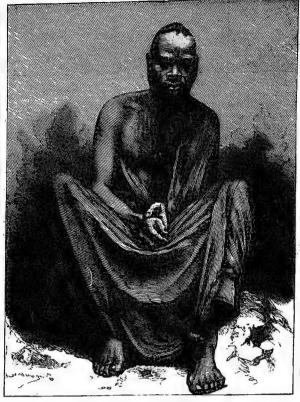
THE STUART EXHIBITION

Both from an historical and an artistic point of view, the Exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart, just opened at the New Gallery, will be found in the highest degree interesting. A more comprehensive collection illustrating the history of a dynasty has, perhaps, never been brought together. Besides a vast assemblage of historical documents, coins, medals, autographs, costumes, and other personal relics, it contains some two hundred portraits, most of them bearing the unmistakeable stamp of authenticity. Among those of very early date, two small half-lengths of "James IV." and his wife "Margaret Tudor," by Holbein, are infinitely the best. Both are good examples of the painter's work, but that of the Queen, who is seen to have been a lady of ample form, bearing a strong resemblance to her royal brother, is the more characteristic of the two. Passing several fairly good pictures of "James V." and "Mary of Guise," we come to a series of nineteen portraits of their ill-fated daughter, "Mary, Queen of Scots." One of the earliest and most attractive of them is the famous "Le Deuil Blanc," painted by Janet—probably in Paris—soon after the death of Francis II. A stately full-length by Zucchero, and another by Mytens, strike us as the best of the numerous portraits of the Queen of later date. The facial character in all of them is the same, and they all show that the influence she exercised over her adherents was not greatly due to her physical beauty.

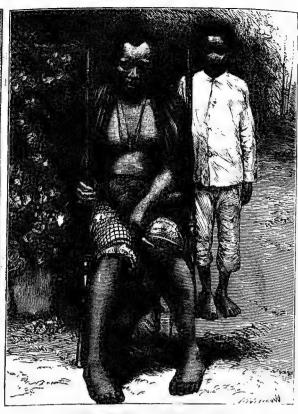
A large picture representing James I. of England as a child kneeling at the tomb of his father Darnley, attributed to Lucas de Heere, is historically interesting, but has not much value as a work of art. Several pictures professing to represent the pedantic monarch at various periods of his career are so very unlike each other that they cannot all be authentic portraits. Among the numerous portraits of "Charles I.," Henrietta Maria, and other members of the family by Van Dyck, are many masterpieces, but they have of the family by Van Dyck, are ma







CHIEF MPAMA-YAO TRIBE



CHIEF KATUNGA-MAKOLOLO TRIBE



CONSULAR STAFF—THE "KILAUGOSI," OR LEADER OF THE CARAVAN

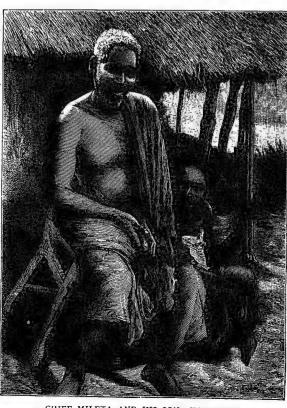


A MANGANJA WOMAN





CHIEF MALUNGA-YAO TRIBE

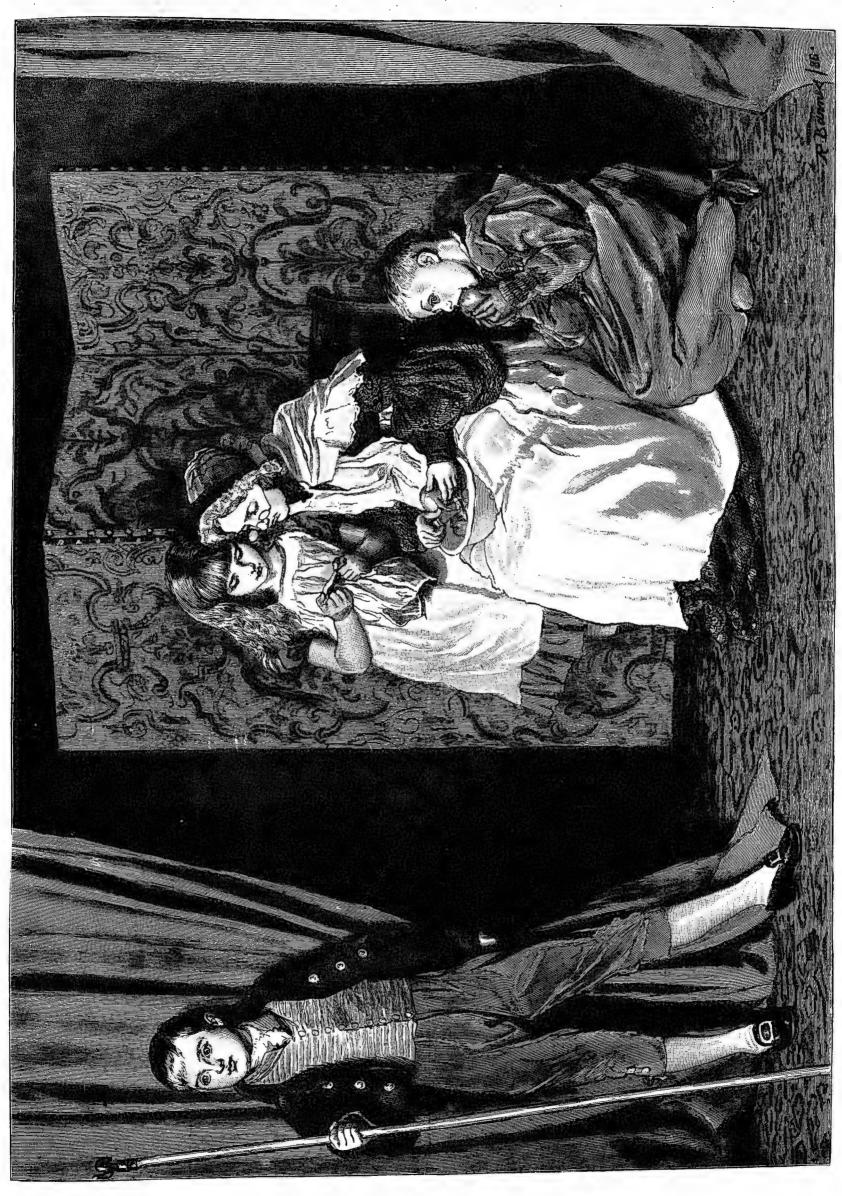


CHIEF MILETA AND HIS SON-YAO TRIBE



CONSULAR STAFF-AN ORDERLY

THE SLAVE QUESTION IN EASTERN AFRICA, II.—NATIVE TYPES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LAKE NYASSA



faithful. The portraits of his brother Henry, the Cardinal, are also indicative of feeble intellect and infirmity of purpose.

The miniatures, of which there are many in the collection, are full of interest; but most of them, like the coins and medals, are too small to be advantageously seen in their present position. Of the personal relics, none are likely to attract more attention than the oaken chair on which Charles I. sat during his trial, and the two shirts that he wore at his execution. There are, however, many objects that, apart from the associations connected with them, have great beauty. They include many articles of jewellery of delicate workmanship; a ciborium and cover of copper gilt, given by Mary, Queen of Scots, to Sir James Balfour of Burleigh; and an exquisitely-wrought tazza in Limoges enamel, bearing her arms with the Dauphin Crown. The catalogue has been carefully compiled, and contains a large number of very interesting historical notes by Mr. F. G. Stephens. F. G. Stephens.



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, in the Nineteenth Century, brings forcibly before the mind the dangers incidental to our present position of national naval unpreparedness, under the heading "The British Fleet and the State of Europe." He thinks the danger of a rupture between France and Germany a remote possibility; while the temptation we afford our neighbours to attack us he regards as a great one. With reference to this question of a war with France he observes on the oft-used argument, "We don't want to fight," that "that is no reason why France, seeing such a magnificent opportunity afforded her, in the next two or three years should not take advantage of a campaign where she has everything to gain and nothing to lose." As to the Italian alliance, Lord Charles holds that a war of Italy and Britain against France, would probably be "the end of Italy." and for England he says, "The temporary stoppage of her food supply, or even the loss of two battles, might bring about events causing her destruction as an Empire."—

At the end of this Review Mr. Gladstone writes in terms of warm eulogy of Daniel O'Connell. In all the separate phases of his life and action he observes that the Irish Liberator was "remarkable," but their combination into a whole, and his character as a human being, make him especially worthy of study and admiration,—Besides these papers we have in the Nineteenth, "Isolation, or Survival of the Unfittest," by the Duke of Argyll; "The Decay of Lying," by Mr. Oscar Wilde; and "Mr. Bryce's American Commonwealth," by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

"War" is the subject which Lord Wolseley has chosen for interesting comment in this month's Fortnightly. His remarks are based on Colonel Maurice's article in the last volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He points out the danger of relying upon tradition, rather than common sense, in educating our soldiers, and that it will go hard with a nation that does not make tactics conform to the arms of the day, and to the varying conditions under which war is made and battl LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, in the Nineteenth Century, brings

"battle-thunder."—Mr. W. II. Mallock is very thoughtful and suggestive in his paper on "The Scientific Bases of Optimism," where he deals with Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent "Apologia pro Fide Nostra." With regard to the theory of gratitude to ancestral benefactors, Mr. Mallock points out what happens with contemporary benefactors. We owe tea to the Chinese. "Now," he asks, "does any English tea-drinker feel any worshipping gratitude towards the Chinese? We care for them as little as they care for us. . . . If we feel so little about remote benefactors who are living, we shall hardly feel more about remote benefactors who are lead." He is of opinion also that few men use a scuttle of coal the less because of the dearth of that commodity which may come on posterity.—Well worth perusal is Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Ibsen's Social Dramas." In the seven social dramas of which he treats here, he holds that "Singular greatness is to be recognised;" while he uses the epithets "sweet" and "flute-like" of Ibsen's older lyrics. He clams for him a place among foremost nineteenth-century writers.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's rhetorical onslaught on Liberal Unionists is abundantly answered, in this month's Contemporary, by the Duke of Argyll with "A Reply to our Appellant." This paper is a very able and valuable statement of the Unionist objection to the Separatist position. "They ask us," says his Grace, in conclusion, "to place unlimited confidence in their wisdom and sagacity in devising some new British Constitution, of which all we know is that it must be wholly unlike anything we have known before. They ask us to make a "cock-shy"—not of some scheme of our own—but of the whole system of Government which has been the rich inheritance of a thousand years. We must tell them plainly that neither in righteousness, nor in wisdom, can we trust them, after the exhibition they have made, and are now making of themselves—in both these great spheres of capacity and of character."—The address delivered by Sir Frederick Leighton at the Liver furniture now made in England, unsurpassed as it is in regard to delicacy and finish of handiwork, and frequently elegant in design, a certain look of slightness and flimsy, faddy dilettantism, which

a certain look of slightness and flimsy, faddy dilettantism, which prevents it taking that rank in the province of applied art to which it might and should aspire."—There are other interesting papers—"Emile Zola," by Mrs. Crawford, "The Cambridge Apostles of 1830," by Miss Julia Wedgwood, and "Chaos in the House of Commons," by Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, M.P.

The most valuable paper in this month's National is "The Value of the Chinese Alliance," by Mr. Demetrius Boulger. Among all possible allies for England he holds that none is more likely to play a useful and determined part than China. If England and China acted together in a war with Russia, the defeat of the latter Power would be a mathematical certainty.—Lady Magnus should be read on "The Higher Education of Women." Her point of view may be estimated from the fact that she does not admire the "much-examined maiden who shall be a more or less unpleasing imitation of an unpleasing masculine mediocrity."

mined maiden who shall be a more or less unpleasing imitation of an unpleasing masculine mediocrity."

To Blackwood Sir Theodore Martin contributes a graceful and spirited translation of Schiller's "Hero and Leander."—The demands of the season are not forgotten, for we have "Christmas Eve on a Haunted Hulk," where the blood-curdling and the eerie are cleverly worked up.—"Notes from the Congo" is more matter-of-fact, and the writer gives a lot of interesting detail about the river so much associated with Stanley's name.—There is also a good biographical criticism of the career of "The Emperor Frederick."

Under the heading "A Practical Philanthropist and His Work," Dr. Knight writes in Macmillan of Jean Baptist André Godin, who did so much for the social improvement and well-being of French

mechanics. - A capital paper is contributed to this periodical by Mr. Goldwin Smith on "Shakespeare's Religion and Politics," in which he endeavours to estimate the view of the poet on great practical

questions of living interest.

The frontispiece of the Woman's World is of "Madame Grand (Princess De Talleyrand)," who must have been a striking-looking lady. About her career Miss A. De Grasse Stephens writes a readable orticle were amusing and most humorously illustrated the strike of the career Miss A. De Grasse Stephens writes a readlady. About her career Miss A. De Grasse Stephens writes a readable article.—Very amusing and most humorously illustrated by Gordon Browne is "Political Women, from the M.P.'s Point of View." Pretty, too, is "Furmica; or, the Queen of the Ants," which is a legend of the Carpathians told by the Royal writer, "Carmen

Sylva."

The frontispiece of the Magazine of Art is a photogravure of Sir John Millais' painting of "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P." "Mr. Gladstone and His Portraits" forms the subject of an exhaustively illustrated article, by Mr. T. Wemyss Reid.—What should be an interesting addition to press literature is Mr. C. N. Williamson's "Illustrated Journalism in England." This instalment of the series deals with "Its Rise," and contains seven illustrated from the original journals.

ment of the series deals with "Its Kise, and contains seven mustrations from the original journals.

The frontispiece of the Art Journal is an etching by Mr. I. Muller, from a painting by Mr. Fred. Morgan, a pretty picture of life and movement on a village bridge about the beginning of this century. Mr. Francis Sitwell contributes a generally interesting and volume of Reputy in Renaissance and Volume. illustrated article, "Types of Beauty in Renaissance, and Modern Painting."—Mr. Richard Davey asks the question:—"Was Mary Stuart beautiful?" His answer is that she was rather handsome and fascinating than beautiful, although, as a girl and very young woman, she must have been transcendently lovely. However, the illustrations of the paper afford its readers an opportunity of judging for themselves.

There are some neat verses in the Scotlish Art Review, "Old Morality," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, of which we quote two:—

Ease, bliss, and beauty, which beget A sensual faith in things that be, Are like a blossoming garden set

Down by the sea. They flourish, till some night-wind blows
The swelling tide across the land, And buries tulip, pink, and rose In salt and sand.

In salt and sand.

Scribner is, as usual, full of solid, entertaining matter. From a sensible article on "The Ethics of Controversy," by Mr. George P. Fisher, we extract the following illustrative anecdote. Dr. Emmons of Franklin, New England, after sending out from his rural parish a printed sermon on the Atonement, received from a magisterial metropolitan divine the following note:—"May 1st. My dear Brother,—I have read your sermon on the Atonement, and have wept over it." To which the following answer, equally laconic, was immediately returned:—"May 3rd. Dear Sir,—I have read your letter, and laughed at it. Yours, NATH'L EMMONS."

The Library Association have published for January the first

The Library Association have published for January the first number of a new monthly, the Library. It is tastefully put together, costs eightpence, contains much to attract bibliophils, and opens with an article on "A Forgotten Book of Travels," by Mr. Austin Dobson.

M. Farnand Drujon writes in Le Livre an article with the quaint title, "De la Destruction Volontaire des Livres du Bibliolytie," which contains a great amount of bibliographical lore. Printers and publishers may, perhaps, find suggestive matter in "Le Livre Harranieur" Harmonieux.

We have also received the first number of National Righte ousness. Its price is twopence, it is edited by Mr. B. Broomhall, and it treats of such things as the Opium Traffic, the Drink Traffic in Africa, and so on.

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4. Ludgate Circus Buildings. London December 31st, 1887.

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January 18:h, 1888.

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Gentlemen.—My lungs being affected, and being under Dr Hatton, he asked me to try some of your Pastilles, which I have gave him instantaneous relief.

I am, faithfully yours. (Signed) . E. L. CHILDE-FREEMAN.

December 24th, 1887.

Abercairny, Crieff, N.B. January 30th, 1888.

Dear Sir.—I have had four years' suffering from bronchial affection with troublesome couch, and from what I have alree dy experienced of the box which I had a week ago, I have a great idea that I shall benefit very much from them —Yours truly,

(Signed) F. HARDIE.

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Yours respectfully, (Signed) JOHN MEENEY.

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appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is = "I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas had a supply o ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitou results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so

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DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL

Her heart stopped beating for a moment as she read the Cambridge University telegram.

TENTS OF SHEM" "THE

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE DARK CONTINENT

Two young men of most Britannic aspect sat lounging together in long wicker chairs, on the balcony of the English Club at Algiers. They had much reason. It was one of those glorious days, by no means rare, when the sky and climate of the city on the Sahel reach absolute perfection. The wisteria was draping the parapet of the balcony with its profuse tresses of rich amethyst blossom; the long and sweeping semicircle of the bay gleamed like a peacock's neck in hue, or a brilliant opal with its changeful iridescence; and the snow-clad peaks of the Djurjura in the background rose high in the air, glistening white and pink in the reflected glory of the afternoon snow-clad peaks of the Djurjura in the background rose high in the air, glistening white and pink in the reflected glory of the afternoon sun. But the two young men of Britannic aspect, gazing grimly in front of them, made no comment to one another on the beauty and variety of that basking scene. How could they, indeed? They had not been introduced to one another! To admire nature, however obtrusive, in company with a man to whom you have not been introduced is a social solecism. So they sat and lounged, and stroked their moustaches reflectively, and looked at the palmtrees, and the orange-groves, and the white Moorish villas that stud the steep, smiling slopes of Mustapha Supérieur, in the solemn silence of the true-born Englishman.

They might have sat there for ever and said nothing (in which case the world must certainly have lost this present narrative) had

case the world must certainly have lost this present narrative) had

not the felt presence of a Common Want impelled them at last

not the felt presence of a Common Want impelled them at last spasmodically to a conversational effort.

"I beg your pardon, but do you happen to have a light about you?" the elder of the two said, in an apologetic voice, drawing a cigar, as he spoke, from the neat little morocco-case in his pocket.

"Curious, but I was just going to ask you the very same thing," his younger companion answered, with a bashful smile. "I've finished my last vesuvian. Suppose we go into the smoking-room and look for a match. Can you tell me where, in this abode of luxury, the smoking-room finds itself?"

"Why, I haven't yet investigated the question," the other replied, rising from his seat as he spoke, "but I'm open to conviction. Let's go and see. My trade's exploring."

"Then I take it for granted you're a new-comer, like myself, as you don't know your way about the club-rooms yet?"

"You put your finger plump on the very point," the elder answered, opening a door on the left in search of the common need.

"The fact is, I arrived in Algiers only yesterday evening."

"Another coincidence! Precisely my case. I crossed by last night's boat from Marseilles. Ah, here's the smoking-room! May I offer you a light? P'I, p'f, p'f. Thanks, that'll do very well, I think. . . . And how do you feel to-day, after that terrible journey?"

The elder Briton smiled a somewhat grim and restrained smile. He was tall and fair, but much bronzed with the sun. "Never had

The elder Briton smiled a somewhat grim and restrained smile. He was tall and fair, but much bronzed with the sun. "Never had

such a tossing in all my life before," he answered, quietly. "A horrid voyage. Swaying to and fro from side to side till I thought I should fall off, and be lost to humanity. Talk of the good ship plunging on the sea, indeed, as Theo Marzials does in that rollicking song of his; any other ship I ever sailed on's the mcrest trifle to it."

it."

"And when did you leave England?" his companion went on, with a polite desire, commendable in youth, to keep up the successfully inaugurated conversation. "You weren't on the Abd-el-Kader with us from Marseilles. on Tuesday."

with us from Marseilles, on Tuesday."

"When did I leave England?" the new acquaintance answered, with a faint twinkle in his eye, amused at the chance of a momentary mystification. "I left England last October, and I've been ever time to Alviere." since getting to Algiers. Per varios casus, per tot discrimina

since getting to Algiers. Per varios tasas, per to surverum."

"Goodness gracious! By what route?" the youth with the dark moustache inquired, distrusting the Latin, and vaguely suspecting some wily attempt to practise upon his tender years and credulity.

"By the land-route from Tunis, back of the desert, via Biskra and Laghouat."

"But I thought you said you'd had such an awful tossing?"

"So I did. Never felt such a tossing in the world before. But it wasn't the sea; it was the ship of the desert. I came here, as far as Blidah at least, true Arab-wise, see-saw, on camel-back."

The dark young man puffed away at his weed for a moment

vigorously, in deep contemplation. He was a shy person who didn't like to be taken in; and he strongly suspected his new acquaintance of a desire to humbug him. "What were you doing?" he asked at last, in a more constrained voice, after a short

pause.

"Picking flowers," was the curt and unexpected answer.

"Oh, come now, you know," the dark young man expostulated, with a more certain tone, for he felt he was being hoaxed. "A fellow doesn't go all the way to the desert, of all places in the world, just for nothing else but to pick flowers."

"Excuse me, a fellow does, if he happens to be a fellow in the flower and beetle business, which is exactly my own humble but useful avocation."

"Why, surely, there aren't any flowers there. Nothing but sand,

"Why, surely, there aren't any flowers there. Nothing but sand, and sunset, and skeletons."

and sunset, and skeletons."

"Pardon me. I've been there to see. Allow me to show you. I'll just go and fetch that portfolio over there." And he opened it in the sunlight. "Here are a few little water-colour sketches of my desert acquaintances,"

The dark young man glanced at them with some languid curiosity. An artist by trade himself, here at least he knew his ground. He quaked and trembled before no dawdling amateur. Turning over

duaket and termined before to darking analysis. It is to or three sheets attentively,
"Well, you can draw," he said at last, after a brief scrutiny. "I don't know whether flowers like those grow in the desert or not—I should rather bet on not, of the two—but I'm a painter myself, and I know at any rate you can paint them excellently, as amateurs

"My one accomplishment," the explorer answered, with a pleased expansion of the corners of his mouth;—it is human to receive approbation gratefully from those who know. "I couldn't sketch a scene or draw a figure with tolerable accuracy to save my life; but I understand the birds, and creeping things, and flowers; and sympathy, I suppose, makes me draw them at least sympathetically."

sympathetically."

"Precisely so. That's the very word," the artist went on, examining each drawing he turned over with more and more care. "Though your technique's amateurish, of course, I can see you know the flowers, their tricks and their manners, down to the very ground. But tell me now; do these things really grow in the desert?"

"On the oases, yes. The flowers there are quite brilliant and abundant. Like the Alpine flora, they seem to grow loveliest near their furthest limit. Butterfly-fertilised. But what brings you to Algeria so late in the season? All the rest of the world is turning its back now upon Africa, and hurrying away to Aix-les-Bains, and Biarritz, and Switzerland, and England. You and I will be the only people, bar Arabs and Frenchmen (who don't count), left here for the summer."

"What, are you going to stop the summer here too?"

"What, are you going to stop the summer here too?"
"Well, not in Algiers itself," the explorer answered, flicking his boot with his cane for an imaginary dust-spot. "I've been baked enough in the desert for the last six months to cook a turtle, and I'm going over yonder now, where ices grow free, for coolness and refreshment." And he waved his hand, with a sweep across the representation. And he waved his hand, with a sweep across the sapphire semicircle of the glassy bay, to the great white block of rearing mountains that rose with their sheet of virgin snow against the profound azure of an African sky in the far background.

"What, to Kabylie!" the artist exclaimed, with a start of

"To Kabylie, yes. The very place. You've learnt its name and its fame already then?"
"Why, I see in this the finger of fate," the artist answered, with more easy confidence. "We have here in fact a third coincidence. It's in Kabylie that I, too, have decided on spending the summer. on our tour together."
"But what are you going for?" the elder man continued, with

"Oh, just to paint. Nothing more than that. The country and the people; new ground for the exhibitions. Spain's used up: so some fellows in England who know the markets advised me to go to Kabylie on an artistic exploring expedition. From our point some fellows in England who know the markets advised the to go to Kabylie on an artistic exploring expedition. From our point of view, you see, it's unbroken ground, they say, or almost unbroken: and everything civilised has been so painted up, and painted down, and painted round about, of late years, by every one everywhere, that one's glad to get a hint of the chance of finding some unhackneyed subject in a corner of Africa. Besides, they tell me it's all extremely naive; and I like naiveté. That's my line in art. I'm in quest of the unsophisticated. I paint simplicity.

"You'll find your sitter in Kabylie then: naiveté rampant and simplicity with a vengeance," the explorer answered. "It's quite untouched and unvulgarised as yet by any taint or tinge of Parisian civilisation. The aboriginal Kabyles haven't even learnt the A B C of French culture—to sit at an estaminet and play dominoes."

"So much the better. That's just what I want. Unvarnished man. The antique vase in real life. And I'm told the costumes are almost Greek in their naturalness."

"Quite Greek, or even more so," the explorer replied; "though perhaps, considering its extreme simplicity, we ought rather to say, even less so. But where do you mean to stop, and how to travel? Accommodation in Ancient Greece, you know, wasn't exactly luxurious."

"Oh, I'll just set out from Algiers by diligence, I suppose, and put up for a while at some little hotel in the country villages."

put up for a while at some little hotel in the country villages."

The explorer's face could not resist a gentle smile of suppressed merriment. "An hotel, my dear sir!" he said, with surprise.
"An hotel in Kabylie! You'll find it difficult, I'm afraid, to meet with the article. Except at Fort National, which is a purely French settlement, where you could study only the common or French Zouave engaged in his familiar avocations of playing bowls and sipping absinthe, there's not such a thing as a cabaret, a lodging, a wayside inn, in the whole block of mountain country. Strangers who want to explore Kabylie may go if they like to the house of the village headman, the amine as they call him, where you may sup off a nasty mess of pounded kous-kous, and sleep at night on a sort of vinage neauman, the amine as they call him, where you may sup off a nasty mess of pounded kous-kous, and sleep at night on a sort of shelf or ledge among the goats and the cattle. Government compels every amine to provide one night's board and entertainment for any European traveller who cares to demand it. But the entertainment provided is usually so very varied and so very lively that those who have tried it once report on it unfavourably. Verbum sap. It's to entomological. When you go to Kabylie, don't do as the Kabyles

do."
"But how do you mean to manage yourself?" the artist asked,
"But how do you mean to manage yourself?" the artist asked, with the prudence of youth. He was nettled at having made so stupid a mistake at the very outset about the resources of the mountains, and not quite certain that he grasped the meaning of verbum sap. (his Latin being strictly a negative quantity), so he took refuge in the safe device of a question that turned the tables. "I came to

in the safe device of a question that turned the tables. "I came to Algiers hoping to pick up some information as to ways and means as soon as I got here; and since you seem to know the ropes so well, perhaps you'll give a raw hand the benefit of your riper experience." "Oh, I have my tent," the traveller answered, with the quiet air of a man who has made his way alone about the world. "It's a first-rate tent for camping-out in; it's supplied with the electric light, a hydraulic lift, hot water laid on, and all the latest modern improvements—metaphorically speaking," he hastened to add by an afterthought, for he saw his companion's large grey eyes opening wider and wider with astonishment each moment. "It's awfully

comfortable, you know, as deserts go; and I could easily rig up a spare bed; so if you really mean to paint in Kabylie, and will bear a share in the expenses of carriage, it might suit both our books, perhaps if you were to expense my typiched exertments. For Line perhaps, if you were to engage my furnished apartments. For I'm not overburdened with spare cash myself—no naturalist ever is—and I'm by no means above taking in a lodger, if any eligible person presents himself at the tent with good references and an unblemished character. Money not so much an object as congenial society in a respectable family."

respectable family."

It was a kind offer, playfully veiled under the cloak of mutual accommodation, and the painter took it at once as it was meant. "How very good of you," he said. "I'm immensely obliged. Nothing on earth would suit my plans better, if it wouldn't be trespassing too much on your kind hospitality."

"Not at all," the explorer answered, with a good-humoured nod. "Don't mention that. To say the truth, I shall be glad of a companion. The Arab palls after a month or two of his polite society. And I love Art, too, though I don't pretend myself to understand it. We'll talk the matter over a little, as to business arrangements, over a cup of coffee, and, I dare say, when we've compared notes, it. We'll talk the matter over a little, as to business arrangements, over a cup of coffee, and, I dare say, when we've compared notes, we shall manage to hit things off comfortably together."

"May we exchange cards?" the artist asked, pulling out a silverbound case from his breast-pocket, and handing one of its little regulation pasteboards to his new friend.

The explorer glanced at it, and read the name, "Vernon Blake, Gresholm Road, Guildford."

"I've no card of my own" he made answer as he pocketed it.

Gresholm Road, Guildford."

"I've no card of my own," he made answer, as he pocketed it;

"in the desert, you see, cards were of very little use; Bedouins don't drop them on one another. But my name's Le Marchant—Eustace Le Marchant, of Jersey, beetle-sticker."

"Oh, but I know your name," Blake cried eagerly, delighted to show himself not wholly ignorant of a distinguished naturalist.

"You're an F.R.S., aren't you? Ah, yes, I thought so. I've seen notices of you often in the paper, I'm sure, as having gone somewhere and found out something. Do you know, if I'd only known that before, I think I should have been afraid to accept your kind offer. I'm an awfully ignorant sort of fellow myself—far too ignorant to go camping out with an F.R.S. in the wilds of Africa."

"If being an F.R.S. is the worst crime you can bring to my charge," Le Marchant answered with a smile, "I dare say we shall pull together all very well. And if you meet no worse society than F.R.S.'s in the wilds of Africa, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, your luck will have been very exceptional indeed. But I don't think you need be much afraid of me. I'm an F.R.S. of the mildest type. I never call anything by its longest and ugliest

the mildest type. I never call anything by its longest and ugliest Latin name: I never bore other people with interesting details of anatomical structure: I never cut up anything alive (bar oysters); and I never lecture, publicly or privately, to anybody, anywhere, on any consideration. There are two kinds of naturalists, you know: and I'm one of the wrong kind. The superior class live in London or Paris, examine everything minutely with a great big microscope, tack on inches of Greek nomenclature to an insignificant mite or tack on inches of Greek nomenclature to an insignificant mite or bit of moss, and split hairs against anybody with marvellous dexterity. That's science. It dwells in a museum. For my part I detest it. The inferior class live in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, as fate or fancy carries; and, instead of looking at everything in a dried specimen, go out into the wild woods with rifle on shoulder, or box in hand, and observe the birds, and beasts, and green things of the earth, as God made them, in their own natural and lovely surroundings. That's natural history, old-fashioned, simple, common-place, natural history; and I, for my part, am an old-fashioned naturalist. I've been all winter watching the sandygrey creatures on the sandy-grey desert, preparing for my great work on 'Structure and Function,' and now, through the summer, I want to correct and correlate my results by observing the plants, and animals, and insects of the mountains in Kabylie. To tell you the truth, I think I shall like you—for I, too, have a taste for and animals, and insects of the industrials in Maybe. To take you the truth, I think I shall like you—for I, too, have a taste for simplicity. If you come with me, I can promise you sport and healthy fare, and make you comfortable in my furnished apartments. Let's descend to details—for this is business—and we must understand exactly what each of us wants before either of us binds himself and exactly what each of us wants before either of us binds himself

down formally for five months to the other. Alphonse, a couple of coffees and two petits verres at once, here, will you?"

And by the clarifying aid of a cigar and a chasse-café, it was finally decided, before the evening sun flushed the Djurjura purple, and turned the white Arab walls to pink, that Vernon Blake should accompany Eustace Le Marchant, on almost nominal terms as to the sharing of expenses, on his summer trip to the mountains of Grande Kabylie.

CHAPTER II. HONOURS

SOMEWHERE about the same time, away over in England, Iris Knyvett sat one morning at lunch, drumming with her fingers on the table before her that particular tattoo which the wisdom of our ancestors ascribed to the author of all evil.

Iris Knyvett, herself, would, no doubt, have been very much astonished if only she could have been told, by some prescient visitor, that her own fate was in any way bound up with the proosed expedition of two unknown young men, from the English Club at Algiers, into the wilds of Kabylie. She had hardly heard (save in the catalogue of the Institute) the name of Vernon Blake; while Eustace Le Marchant's masterly papers, before the Linnean Society, on the Longicorn Beetles of the Spice Islands, had never roused her girlish enthusiasm, or quickened her soul to a fiery thirst for the study of entomology. And yet, if she had but known it, Iris Knyvett's whole future in life depended utterly, as so often happens with every one of us, on the casual encounter of those two perfect strangers among the green recesses of the North African

mountains.

In absolute ignorance of which profound truth, Iris Knyvett herself went on drumming with her fingers impatiently on the table, and leaving the filleted sole on her plate to grow cold, unheeded, in the cool shade of a fair lady's neglect.

"Iris, my dear," Mrs. Knyvett said, sharply, with a dry cough, "why don't you eat your lunch? Your appetite's frightful. What makes you go on hammering away at that dreadful tattoo so?"

Iris's eyes came back with a bound from a point in space lying apparently several thousand miles behind the eminently conventional Venetian scene that hangs above the sideboard in every

gentleman's dining-room. "I can't eat anything, I really think, mamma," she said, with a slight sigh, "till I've had that telegram."

Mrs. Knyvett helped herself to a second piece of filleted sole

and its due proportion of anchovy sauce with great deliberation, before she answered slowly, "Oh, so you're expecting a telegram!"

"Yes, mamma," Iris replied, with scarcely a shade of reasonable vexation on her pretty face. "Don't you remember, dear, I told you my tutor promised to telegraph to me."
"Your tutor! oh, did he?" Mrs. Knyvett went on, with polite acquiescence, letting drop her pince-nuz with a dexterous elevation of her arched eyebrows. The principal feature of Mrs. Knyvett's character, indeed, was a Roman nose of finely developed proportions; but it was one of those insipid Roman noses which stand for birth alone—which impart neither dignity, firmness, nor strength for birth alone—which impart neither dignity, hrmness, nor strength to a face, but serve only to attest their owner's aristocratic antecedents. Mrs. Knyvett's was useful mainly to support her pince-nez, but as her father had been the Dean of a Southern cathedral, it also have a support to support the credit of her family. "Oh,

did he," Mrs. Knyvett repeated after a pause, during which Itis continued to tattoo uninterruptedly. "That was very kind of him." Though why on earth, or concerning what, he should wish to telegraph, Mrs. Knyvett, who had never been told more than five hundred times before, had really not the slightest conception.

"Not he, mamma. You must surely remember I've reminded you over and over again that my tutor's name is Emily Vanrenen."

"Then why does she sign herself' E. Vanrenen, B. A. and D.Sc., I wonder?" Mrs. Knyvett went on, with dreamy uncertainty. "A Doctor of Science ought surely to be a man? And Bachelor of Arts, too—Bachelor of Arts. Bachelors and spinsters are getting too mixed, too mixed altogether."

Iris was just going to answer something, gently as was her wont

Iris was just going to answer something, gently as was her wont, in defence of the mixture, when a rap at the door made her jump up hastily. "That must be the telegram!" she cried, with a tren.or, and darted off to the door in a vigorous dash that sufficiently showed her Girton training had at least not quite succeeded in crushing the life out of her.
"Iris, Iris!" her mother called after her in horror; "let Jane

mrs, rrs: her induced cannot are the riminor of the Jane answer the door, my dear. This unseemly procedure—and at lunch time, too—is really quite unpardonable. In my time girls—"

But Iris was well out of hearing long since, and Mrs. Knyvett was forced to do penance vicariously herself on her daughter's account to the offended fetish of the British drawing-room.

account to the offended letish of the British drawing-room.

In another minute the bright young girl had come back, crestfallen, ushering in before her a stout and rosy-faced middle-aged
gentleman, also distinguished by a Roman nose to match, and
dressed with the scrupulous and respectable neatness of the London

barnster.

"It's only Uncle Tom," she cried, disappointed,
"Only Uncle Tom?" the stout, red-faced gentleman echoed,
good-humouredly. "Well, for taking the conceit out of a man,
I'll back the members of one's own family, and more especially and
particularly one's prettiest and most favourite niece, against all
sensors for a hundred pounds a side even money. The least of comers, for a hundred pounds a side, even money. That's all the comers, for a nundred pounds a side, even money. That's all the thanks I get, is it, Iris, for coming out of Court in the midst of a most important case, and leaving my junior, as thick-headed a Scotchman as ever was born, to cross-examine the leading witness for the other side—on purpose to ask you whether you've got a telegram: and 'Only Uncle Tom' are the very first words my prettiest niece thinks fit to greet me with after all my devotion."

And he stronged down as Iris seated herself at the table area

And he stooped down as Iris scated herself at the table once more, and kissed her affectionately on her smooth white forehead.

"Oh, Uncle," Iris cried, blushing up to her pretty blue eyes with ingenuous distress at having even for a moment appeared to slight him. "I didn't mean that. You know I didn't mean it. I'm

him. "I didn't mean that. You know I didn't mean it. I'm always pleased and delighted to see you. But the fact is I was expecting the telegram; and I ran to the door when you rat-tattatted, thinking it was the telegraph boy; and when I saw it was only you—I mean, when I saw it was you, of course—why I was naturally disappointed not to have got the news about it all. But did you really come up all the way from Court on purpose to hear it, you dear old uncle?"

"All the way from Court, with Coleridge, C.J., smiling cynically at my best witnesses, I give you my word of honour, Iris," the red-faced old gentleman answered, mollified, "for nothing on earth except to hear about a certain pretty little niece of mine—because I knew the pretty little niece was so very anxious on the subject."

"Oh, uncle, that was kind of you," Iris cried aloud, flushing up to her eyes once more, this time with pleasure. A little sympathy went a long way with her. "It's so good of you to take so much interest in me."

"My unfortunate client won't say so," Uncle Tom muttered half aloud to himself. And, indeed, the misguided persons who had retained and refreshed Thomas Kynnersley Whitmarsh, Q.C., the eminent authority on probate cases, would probably not have learned with unmixed pleasure this touching instance of his domestic affection.

affection.

"But what's it all about, dear Tom?" Mrs. Knyvett exclaimed, in a querulous tone and with a puzzled air. "What do Iris and you want to get a telegram from this ambiguous tutor of hers for?"

Uncle Tom was just about to enlighten his sister's darkers (for

the five hundred and first time), when poor Iris, unable to control her feelings any longer, rose from the table, with tears standing in her pretty blue eyes, and remarked, in a slightly husky voice, that she could eat nothing, and would go and wait for the telegram in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Knyvett looked after her, bewildered and amazed. "This sort of thing makes girls very strange," she said, sapiently.
"This sort of thing" being that idol of our age, the Higher

"This sort of thing" being that idol of our age, the Higher Education.

"Well, well, it's done her no harm, anyhow," Uncle Tom answered, with stout good-humour, for his niece was a great favourite of his, in spite of her heresies. "I don't approve of all this fal-lal and nonsense myself, either; but Iris is a Knyvett, you see, and the Knyvetts always struck out a line for themselves; and each Knyvett strikes out a different one. She's struck out hers. She didn't get that from us, you may be sure. Nobody could ever accuse the Whitmarshes of eccentricity or originality. We get on, but we get on steadily. It's dogged that does it with our family, Amelia. The Knyvetts are different. They go their own way, and it's no good anybody else trying to stop them."

"What would her poor dear father say to it all, I wonder?"

Mrs. Knyvett remarked parenthetically, through a mist of sighs.

"He would say, 'Let her go her own way,'" the eminent Q.C. replied with cheerful haste; "and if it comes to that, whether he said it or not wouldn't much matter, for in her own quiet, peace-

said it or not wouldn't much matter, for in her own quiet, peace-able, unobtrusive manner, offending nobody, Iris would go her own way, in spite of him. Yes, Amelia, I say, in spite of him. After way, in spite of him. Yes, Amelia, I say, in spite of him. After all, it's not been at all a bad thing, in some respects, that our dear girl should have taken up with this higher education fad. We don't approve of it; but, if it's done nothing else, it's kept her at least out of the way of the fortune-hunters."

"Iris has great expectations," Mrs. Knyvett remarked complacently. She remarked it, not because her brother was not already well aware of the fact, but because the thought was in her own mind, and she uttered it, as she uttered all other platitudes that happened to occur to her, in the full expectation that her hearer would find them as interesting as she did.

"Iris has great expectations," her brother echoed. "No doubt in the world, I think, about that. By the terms of the old Admiral's will, ridiculous as they are, I hardly imagine Sir Arthur would

will, ridiculous as they are, I hardly imagine Sir Arthur would venture to leave the property otherwise. To do so would be risky, with me against him. And if Iris had gone into London Society, and been thrown into the whirl of London life, instead of reading has Column and her transfer and her 'Odyssey' and her 'Lucretius,' and mugging up amusing works on conic sections, it's my belief some penniless beggar—an Irish adventurer, perhaps, if such a creature survives nowadays-would have fallen upon her and snapped her up long ago; especially before she came into her fortune. Then it seems to be almost disinterested. Now, this Cambridge scheme has saved us from all the trouble and bother of that sort of thing-it's ferried us across the most dangerous

time—it's helped us to bridge over the thin ice; till Iris is a woman, and quite fit to take care of herself."

"There's something in that," Mrs. Knyvett responded, with a stately nod of the prominent feature. It seemed somehow to revolve

independently on its own axis.

"Something in that!" her brother cried, amazed, as though his own "devil" had ventured to agree with him. "There's a great deal

in that, Amelia! There's everything in that! There's worlds in that! It's the 'Hiad' in a nutshell. The girl's done the very best thing on earth for herself. She's saved her expectations—her great expectations—from the greedy maw of every eaves-dropping London fortune-hunter."

At that moment another rat-tat at the door made Uncle Tom start in his chair, and Iris's voice was heard upon the stairs as she rushed down from the drawing-room to the front door in sudden trepidation. Endless terrors crowded upon her mind as she went. She was guite safe about her Latin prose, to be sure, but oh! that unspeakable, that terrible mistake in the unseen passage from Plato's "Republic!" It would spoil all, that false second acrist! It was the telegram this time, sure enough, without further delay. It is tore it open in an agony of suspense. Had the second acrist betrayed her girlish trust? Had Plato repelled her platonic affections? Then her heart stopped beating for a moment, as she read the words, "Cambridge University, Classical Tripos: Women. First Class, Iris Knyvett, Girton, bracketed equal, Third Classic. Sincerest congratulations. We are all so proud. Affectionately yours, E. VANRENEN."

Oh, cruel century that has put such a strain upon a growing woman! Uncle Tom seized the half-fainting girl tenderly in his arms, and, wringing her hand a dozen times over, in spite of his disapproval of the higher education for women (which his present chronicler blushes to share), kissed her and congratulated her turn about in one unceasing tide for the next five minutes; while poor Iris's head, giddy with her triumph, swam round and round in a wild delirium of delight and amazement. Third Classic! In her highest mood of hope she had never expected anything like this. She cried to herself silently in her joy and satis-faction.

"But what does it all mean?" Mrs. Knyvett exclaimed, adjusting the pince-nex on its pre-ordained stand once more with practised skill, and gazing vacantly from the telegram to Iris, and from Iris to the teleg

the telegram. The telegram expected?"

"What does it all mean, ma'am?" Uncle Tom exclaimed, flinging prudence to the dogs, and his cherished convictions to the four winds of heaven. "What does it all mean? I like your question, indeed! Why it means just this—God bless my soul, how the girl trembles!—that your own daughter, Iris Knyvett, has beaten all the men but two, in Cambridge University, into a cocked hat. That's what it means, ma'am. That's what it means! I don't approve of it; but, upon my soul, I'm proud of her. Your daughter Iris is Third Classic."

(To be continued) (To be continued)



George Gissing's novel, "A Life's Morning" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is altogether a work which more than maintains its author's now recognised reputation for vigour and vividness of portraiture. In the present instance, he draws less upon what looked like observation and experience, and more upon imagination, than in his former stories; but the characters are fully as lifelike, and as interesting, as heretofore. And Mr. Gissing deserves additional and exceptional credit for his heroine, Emily Hood. She is literally a heroine of a thousand; because, when required to sell herself into a loveless marriage by way of the usual sort of self-sacrifice, she—a pattern to all heroines hereafter—utterly repudiates the burgain, and refuses to ruin the life of her true lover out of that self-conscious, not to say selfish, spirit of martyrdom which has somehow come to do duty for real duty in conventional fiction. We only wish that she could have maintained her sanity when she was next tempted to forget her real duty; but she must be allowed the excuse of a very recent recovery from brain fever, and one piece of strong good sense on the part of a heroine is doubtless sufficient for a lifetime. The remaining characters of the same sex are also far superior to the general run of novelists' women, both as portraits and as subjects deserving portrayal, and help to revive any waning respect for the womanhood of fiction. The men also, while less complex, are on the whole strongly drawn; and if the hero himself is comparatively weak and conventional, he is quite sufficiently sympathetic. The story is a good one as a field for play of character, and is not without an interest of its own, independently of its dramatis personae.

"The Road from Ruin," by C. L. Pirkis (2 vols.: Spencer Blackett), is also an interesting story of a more exciting order—more interesting indeed as a story than as a study of character. Such dramatic qualities as it has run towards melodrama; and there is at least one scene, that of a conspiracy to m

of subtleties, and divides the goats from the sheep by a good broad line.

"Stephen Elderby," by A. Hill Drewry (2 vols.: T. Fisher Unwin), is little more than a thin anecdote which comes to a natural end half a volume before the close of the novel is in sight. The remainder is taken up with matters which might easily have been disposed of in the conventional paragraph of wedding bells. We will not betray the point of the anecdote, because the novel cannot afford the smallest scrap of anything which can pass for interest. For the rest, there is very little to say of the work, which is exceedingly well-intentioned, and contains evidence of literary care. The characters are certainly not strikingly original, but they are clearly presented; indeed, the finish bestowed upon them is out of all proportion to their value. Finally, the author is evidently better read than is at all usual with his fellow craftsmen, and, to judge from what he puts into the mouth of one of his characters, has some sense of the rights and wrongs of words, which is more unusual still. The moral of "The Guardians," by the authors of "A Year in Eden," &c. (I vol.: Boston and New York, Houghton and Co.), is twofold—that it does not answer to bring up young people under conflicting influences, and that it is highly inexpedient to make rash vows. Both propositions are undeniable; and at any rate the latter is not so common as to need impressing, especially as most people know how to avoid a vow when the inexpediency enters. It is to some extent a religious novel, though not in the usual American manner, as having a distinctly ecclesiastical flavour. There is, however, plenty of local colour in the shrewd humour of the now too-familiar New England woman, and in the prevailing flabbiness—there is no better descriptive term—of sentiment, thought, and style.

Daudet's "L'Immortel" is scarcely likely to interest persons who are unable to read it in the original, and therefore cannot be supposed to appreciate its withering satire at the expense of actual types, and even persons. Of the original, with its brilliant cruelty, it is late in the day to speak. Of the translation, however, under the title of "One of the Forty" (I vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), it must be said that it has been executed by A. W. Verrall and Margaret de G. Verrall with a literary skill and an appreciation of their responsibilities to which translators from the French have by no means accustomed English readers.



At this season "our children" are always very much to the fore; they are, in fact, quite the despots of the home circle. It has been our custom to devote the New Year's fashion article to our juveniles; but, really, little girls in general are such replicas of their grown-up sisters that we need only glance at the distinguishing features of youthful attire.

First, as to the monstrous bonnets with which delicate little heads are overweighted and sweet little faces are concealed: they are still very much worn, and are much admired by the majority of mothers; but there is a serious objection to them beyond their ugliness. The child is taken for a walk, smothered up in a bonnet composed of velvet, quilted satin, and sometimes fur, together with a profusion of quilling and lace; the structure is tied closely under the chin, and "thoroughly protects the throat, glands, and ears," so says the mother. The child, if healthy and bright, will run about, possibly with a hoop or a ball, and come in glowing with warmth, and oftentimes in a perspiration. Off goes the bonnet, with all the other wraps, and the result is a violent chill. For delicate or invalid children these "granny" bonnets are very useful, if due precautions are taken on their removal; but healthy children are often weakened, and actually injured, by this muffling-up system.

Very stylish and becoming hats are worn by little girls; the close-fitting toque made of sealskin, Astrachan, velvet, or of the same material as the costume with which it is to be worn always looks natty, and is most comfortable when intended for active service, such as skipping, skating, running races, or with a hoop; it does not, or, at all events, should not press on the forehead, and yet keeps firm on the head.

Three very pretty costumes were recently made for sisters; they

such as skipping, skating, running races, or with a hoop; it does not, or, at all events, should not press on the forehead, and yet keeps firm on the head.

Three very pretty costumes were recently made for sisters; they were all of the same design, but of different colours. The one was of a rich myrtle-green-faced cloth, the skirt arranged in one wide box-pleat, and six narrow pleats on each side, repeated all round the hem, which was scalloped and embroidered in gold thread, a Grecian pattern: a soft drapery crossed the front, it was scalloped and embroidered on each side; a gathered bodice opened over a waist-coat of green plush, worked in gold, epaulettes and cuffs to match; green very fine cashmere stockings, with gold-coloured silk clocks, high cloth boots (also green), with fancy gold buttons, and a narrow band of real Astrakan on the tops. In the house, a very wide green watered-ribbon sash was to be worn, but taken off when going out, so that it should not spoil the set of a well-cut green plush long paletôt, which was trimmed with a deep band of Astrachan round the hem, a pointed collar and cuffs to match, green plush toque, with a loose crown and a gold tassel; band of fur. The second costume was of golden-brown cloth and plush, with iridescent bead-embroidery. The third was of blue-grey cloth and beaver fur.

Very pretty walking dresses for girls from six to twelve years old are made of plaid poplinette or soft woollen material; it is well to use the real, not fancy, plaids. For example, the Royal Stewart, a mixture of colours in which red is predominant; it requires little or no trimming, but is the better for being toned down with black or very dark green velvet. The Rob Roy is a very handsome black and red pattern, especially suitable for little boys, when the orthodox velvet jacket, white waistcoat, ermine pouch, the plaid fastened on left shoulder with a cairngorm brooch, the stockings fastened below the knees, and either a Tam O'Shanter or a Glengarry cap with an eagle's quill, are the right t

Scotch weollen material, which is so durable as to be often complained of by its wearer "as never wearing out," velvet or braid is the best trimming.

Cloaks are worn by quite young girls, but as a rule they look dowdy, and give an old-fashioned appearance to their wearers, more especially those round-about garments known as the bonne femme. A pretty and stylish but certainly not very comfortable pelisse was recently made for a girl of sixteen; it had what are technically called underfronts of plain dark blue cloth, the back and sleeves were of fancy cloth, with large raised tufts of chenille; there was a small double cape of the plain cloth trimmed with narrow rows of braid and beaver plush; with this was to be worn a blue soft felt hat lined with velvet, trimmed with blue-watered ribbon bows and short ostrich tips.

There is a strong inclination to wrap up the throat with high collars and fur boas; when these wraps are thrown off, and a very low, almost sleeveless corsage is put over, the consequences both to women and children are most disastrous.

For tiny trots charming little outdoor costumes are made of white lambswool entirely, even to their snug little hats, but as they get very quickly soiled in London they should only be worn on festive occasions. Very dainty pelisses are made of golden brown, copper-colour, claret, electric blue, emerald green, or terra-cotta cashmere, and when trimmed with velvet, velveteen, or fur, they look bright and warm.

A very pretty little paletôt was recently made of Russian grey cashmere; it was trimmed with an appliqué in plush of auriculas, faithfully imitated from Nature, the centres worked in gold-coloured silk; it was the handiwork of a young aunt for her five-year-old niece; from the same skilful fingers came a cream-coloured Indian silk frock most elaborately smocked with rose-coloured silk, the skirt had a handsome conventional design, also in rose-coloured silk, the skirt had a handsome conventional design, also in rose-coloured worked in floss silk; the same des

worked in floss silk; the same design was repeated on the equational sleeves.

Our grown-up children must have a few words as to ball dresses for the New Year. Never was there a greater scope for individuality of taste than at the present season. A very elegant costume in the early Empire style was recently sent from Paris. Over a long and narrow-trained skirt of apple-green corded silk was arranged a peplum of crepe delicately embroidered in white water-lilies of floss

silk and silver thread; the corsage of silk and crepe was very

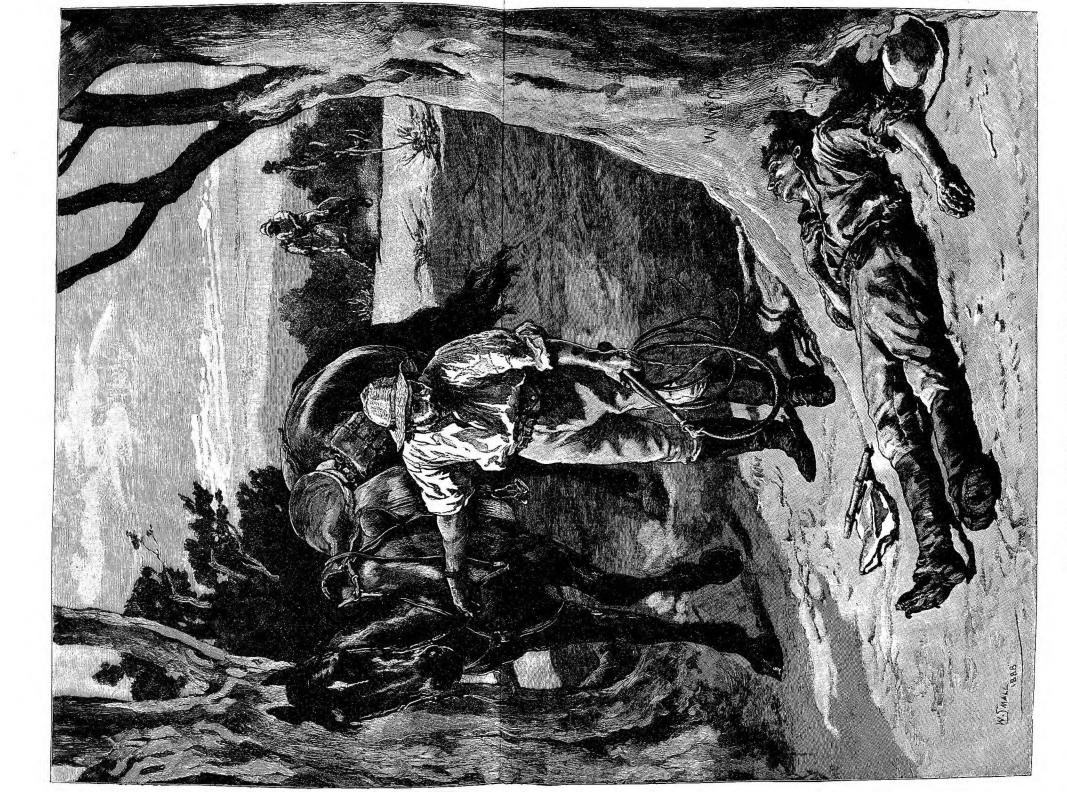
silk and silver thread; the corsage of silk and crêpe was very elegant.

By the way, costly embroidery of the most exquisite description is used for morning and evening dress, in fact it is the trimming of the day. A dress of the Grecian style was recently made thus; the material was a very soft maize-coloured silk, round the skirt was a rich embroidery in gold thread, repeated on both sides, which opened over pleatings of tulle, about twelve in number; across the opening was a gold cord terminating in small gold tassels; the low corsage was trimmed with gold embroidery on tulle, draped back and front, and fastened on the shoulder with bows of moire ribbon; the back of the skirt was artistically draped. The hair was to be arranged in short curls fastened down with light filagree bands of gold, and either a loose knot, low in the nape of the neck, or in a catogan, tied with gold and embroidered ribbon. This costume may be imitated in pink, green, or blue, and silver, but care should be taken to choose the right shade by gaslight, as some delicate colours which look very pretty by day are quite sickly by night; this applies more especially to blue, than which no colour is more deceptive in its varying shades. For young girls simplicity is quite the order of the day, or rather we should say evening. Over a round skirt of soft silk are arranged two or more full skirts to tulle, plain, or woven with gold, silver, or steel; the latter has a very subdued but original effect, when touched up with bright hue'd colours—crimson or yellow.

A Parisian contemporary gives a startling description of a waist-coast of quite a new tissue; it was made from the hair of a pet dog, and had a soft and even brilliant effect. On dit, that in lieu of having a defunct pet stuffed, it may be dressed, and converted into a muff, collar, or boa.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S BOOKS

THE present century isemphatically the assess "Les Grands Vorgeurs de Notre Siècle" ('Hachette), and must limit himself to the cream of the travellers. M. Meissas makes a judicious selection, and tells his tale without superfluous eulogies. He treats every explorer and his work in chronological order; but this plan has the defect of breaking the continuity of each subject, so that it might have been wiser to group them under special classes of discovery. Otherwise, the book deserves high praise, while the plentiful maps and ilustrations are worthy of the care and research bestowed on the text. M. And the subject of the second of the continuity of the care and research bestowed on the text. M. And Baker and Madame Dieulafoy—whose spoils from Persia now enrich the Louvre.—This year reprints and revised editions of favourite illustrated books of travel exceed the actual novelties. For example, take the handsome volume of "Jerusalem" (Virtue). Sir Charles Wilson's graphic description of the Holy City, springing from his labours for the Palestine Exploration Fund. So many fresh discoveries have occurred of late in and around Jerusalem, that an interesting new introduction now precedes the narrative, detailing the result of different excavations up to date, and the rival arguments identifying Calvary and other important sites, together with a capital account of pilgrimages. With its wealth of engravings, this is one of the most attractive and seasonable books of the day.—Now if the majority of readers only see the Holy Land through the eyes of others, most people know the Playground of Europe through personal experience, and so can enjoy glancing through the fresh edition of "Switzerland" (Virtue). In these pleasant pages familiar mountains, lakes, and valleys appear in pen and pencil selections. The contract of the most attractive and seasonable books of the Anderson of the seasonable books of the Anderson of the seasonable books of the Anderson of the seasonable season of the seasonable books of the Anderson of the



"DEAD FROM WANT OF WATER"

beguile dull hours by playing "Numero" and "Patience" (Mortimer), each containing twenty different games in a box.

French stories for the young differ so widely in style and theme from English invocible literature that it is a well to give our young

from English juvenile literature, that it is as well to give our young people an idea of the reading approved by their contemporaries across the Channel. A trio from Messrs. Hachette are all amusing across the Channel. A trio from Messrs. Hachette are all amusing, and "La Filleule de St. Louis," by F. Dillaye, adds a finished study of thirteenth-century life and customs to a thrilling tale. There is mach excitement, too, in the search of a mother for her child as briskly told by Madame de Nanteuil in "Le Général du Maine," while the simple experiences of a young girl in her loved country-home form a charming narrative, "Les Premières Pages," by Madame 7 Eleuviot — There is a sharp contrast between the quiet by Madame Z. Fleuriot.—There is a sharp contrast between the quiet humours of Gallic provincial existence and the rugged severity of Scotch life depicted in "The Household of M'Neil" (Clarke). This is a tragic presentment of a wilful girl, and the suffering she brought on her home, described with much tenderness by Mrs Amelia Barr, who is at her best in rustic character-drawing.-A few Amenia Barr, who is at her best in rustic character-drawing.—A few final tales of adventure for boys yet linger. Who is not familiar with "Robinson Crusoe," but how many know anything of Woodes Rogers, who discovered Crusoe's prototype, Selkirk, and thus paved the way for Defoe's famous romance? So Mr. R. C. Leslie justly asks in his introduction to the journal of the old British mariner, "Life Aboard a British Privateer in the Reign of Queen Anne" (Character and Hall) meet introductions in its grains simplicity and (Chapman and Hall), most interesting in its naïve simplicity and practical view of trials and troubles afloat.

The artistic verse-books are more numerous than ever. All are of the same type—graceful monotints illustrating familiar poetic selections. Some are devoted to the beauties of Creation, like "Golden Leaves" and "Sweet Nature" (Nister), arranged by R. E. Mack, or "Sea-Pearls (Nister), ocean ballads concealed in an oyster-shell, a very dainty conceit. Others treat of affairs of the heart, such as "Love Lyrics" (Nister), and some are sacred, like "The Angels' Song" (Nister), by Dr. Sears, or Messrs. Marcus Ward's Evening and Morning Hymns, familiar Psalms, and Christmas Carols. The last publishers' "Floral Alphabet" is also fairly good, while the "Sparks from the Yule Log" (Elliot Stock), struck out by W. G. Churcher, may kindle a laugh by their comic rhymes and drawings. Pretty for the children are both the verses and pictures of "Old Father Christmas" (Nister), by Mrs. L. and R. Mack, and the version of old nursery tales, "There was Once" (Nister), told afresh by Mrs. Oscar Wilde, and jovially illustrated by John Lawson, whose sketches, however, are not so spontaneously comic as Chester Loomis' designs accompanying "Familiar Selec-The artistic verse-books are more numerous than ever. All are comic as Chester Loomis' designs accompanying "Familiar Selections from the Rhymes of Mother Goose" (Nister). There are some amusing stories and cuts in the same publisher's "Holiday Annual," but many of the rhymes are very silly in Messrs. Dean's Medley of Picture Scraps and Rhymes," where sundry oldfashioned drawings are scattered among many really entertaining illustrations. Now the tales of animals are much better-suited to

childish fancy both in Mrs. Hatheway's "Cats in Gloves" (Dean) and "The Story of the Good Dog Rover" (Dean).

Amateur reciters preparing for New Year's gaieties may be recommended to invest in "The Aldine Reciter" (Hutchinson), which will save them much perplexity as to how and what to recite. Here Mr. Miles provides an excellent selection of modern poetry, varying from grave to gay, and from the ambitious dramatic piece to the simple short ballad. His work thus suits all capacities, while the poems are so minutely classified and indexed as to greatly assist the reciter's decision. The accompanying hints on elocution are also worth study.—The "Baker's Dialect Series" (Routledge) are of worth study.—The "Baker's Dialect Series" (Routledge) are of similar character on a humbler scale, but equally useful. Prose extracts vary the poetry, and there is a choice between "Irish," "Yankee," "Medley," and "Negro" dialect recitations, together with a "Grand Army Speaker," containing patriotic strains, all well-arranged by G. M. Baker. By-the-by, why should Mr. Pickwick's doings be included among the "Yankee" dialect collection? Not all the recitations are to be left to the elders, for here are some practical "Terracotta Plays" (Smith and Innes), founded by C. M. Prevost on well-known fairy stories, and just the thing for a Christmas houseful of young people. The "Sleeping for a Christmas houseful of young people. The "Sleeping Beauty" and "Snowdrop and the Dwarfs" are best for juvenile actors, being effective and easily learnt, while "The White Cat" and 'Jack and the Beanstalk" are rather older in tone. The plays are also published separately.

The doughty deeds of our countrymen will always find an appre-

ciative audience, whether the heroism in war pictured by Lieutenant-Colonel Marshman in "Brave Deeds" (Griffith and Farran), or the courage in time of peace described by Laura Lane in "Heroes of Every-Day Life" (Cassell). Lieutenant-Colonel Marshman deals with the gallantry of the British soldier from Ramillies to Balaclava, and his spirited sketches are appropriately accompanied by terse accounts of the events illustrated by his pencil. Miss Lane's heroes won their spurs in cooler blood—in the mine or the burning house, on the wreck or the rugged cliff, man and woman alike, brave to save life in a sudden emergency. Such a book should interest all

young people.

young people.

Few are more competent to give popular lessons on natural history than the Rev. J. G. Wood, and his "Birds and Beasts" (Shaw) is just one of those homely chats about the animal and feather world which charm young people. He gives no dry details, but gossips about the creatures, so as to present them in the most life-like fashion, and the capital illustrations exactly support the total Similar practical knowledge of our surroundings—but most life-like fashion, and the capital illustrations exactly support the text.—Similar practical knowledge of our surroundings—but this time in the floral world—is conveyed by F. and A. Livings in "Twelve White Flowers" (Hamilton, Adams). The prose is better than the pictures, for most of the flowers, though carefully drawn, are stiff, and more like a conventional design for embroidery than the natural blossom.—In theme, "The Artistic Language of Flowers" (Routledge) is a fit companion to the foregoing, but while some of the pages are gracefully designed, the remaining illustrations are poor, in both form and colour.—Now the booklets of "St. Paul's Series," edited by Mr. G. Haité and nublished by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, are much more artistic. published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, are much more artistic. They are of the familiar class of poem and monotint vignettes and borderings, some of religious character, such as "The Message of Love," "A Chaplet of Gems," "Golden Love," "Art Thou Weary?" and "Our Father's Promises;" some for childish audiences, like "Playmates" and "A Summer's Day;" some treating old-fashioned themes like "The Traveller." Misses Edith and Florence Florence Maplestone, Alice and Louisa Manville Fenn, and Evelina Lance, and Messrs. Hards, Finnemore, Ricketts, and Fullwood are the artists.—For the young ones "Our Country House," illustrated by J. Kleinmichel, and "A Journey Round the World," depicted by C. Marr (Routledge), combine plentiful coloured pictures and C. Marr (Routledge), combine plentiful coloured pictures and descriptive story, while the same type of amusement in black and white is afforded by "Summer Sunshine" (Routledge) and the specially pretty volume "In the Sunny South" (Smith and Innes), where E. Cuthell tells of childish doings at Mentone, and T. Pym where E. Cuthell tells of children doings at Mentone, and I. Pympictures the little ones as bewitching mites. The curious illustrations are perhaps the most attractive portion of "The Adventures of the Moonfaced Princess" (Bentley), a rather puzzling Japaneserie by F. St. J. Orlebar. Children will hardly understand the ways of the Princess, and are more likely to extract real fun from the career of the black doll "Jimmy" (Paytledge), whose cruel treatment by a juvenile mistress I. C. Routledge), whose cruel treatment by a juvenile mistress J.G.

(Routledge), whose cruel treatment by a juvenile mistress J. G. Sowerby merrily draws with pen and pencil.

"Puff, the Autobiography of a Dog" (S.P.C.K.), is a capital little book for young children. It contains some pretty effective coloured drawings by Mrs. Katharine Macquoid.

The following books arrived too late for detailed notice:-"The The following books arrived too late for detailed notice:—"The Brown Portmanteau," and other stories, by Curtis Yorke, Sandringham Library (Jarrold and Son). A second edition of "Nature's Fairy Land," by H. W. S. Worsley-Benison; "Through the Shadows," by E. Moir (Elliot Stock), and a re-issue in six volumes of that well-known book "The Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction," by Martha Hill and friends, edited by Constance Hill (W. H. Allen and Co.). "Buz," or The Life and Adventures of a Honey Bee (J. W. Arrowsmith.)



-Four of Paolo Tosti's charm-MESSRS. G. RICORDI AND CO .ingly simple love songs, for which school he has quite a speciality, ingly simple love songs, for which school he has quite a speciality, are, "Malinconia," words by M. de F—, arranged in five settings; "Vieni," a dainty barcarola, words by Carmelo Errico; "Segreto," words by Lorenzo Stecchetti; and "Malia," words by R. E. Pagliara. These songs are all published in three keys.—"We Have Loved," a pleasing poem by John Muir, has also been set to music by the above composer.—"Palomma, e Sera!" a duettino popolare for equal voices, words by R. E. Pagliara, music by L. Denza, will surely find favour wherever it is well sung.—Maude V. White has set to music, with taste and originality, "Hidden Love" ("Dulot Konvielda") a Norweging noem by B. Biornson, and "Hungarian music, with taste and originality, "Hidden Love" ("Dulot Kaereighed"), a Norwegian poem by B. Bjornson, and "Hungarian Gipsy Song" ("Die Zigeuner") by Alex. Petofi.—One of Longfellow's poetical gems, "My Heart Hath Its Love," has been set to appropriate music by E. Pizzi, for a voice of medium compass.— Two very taking songs for the drawing-room are "Sweetheart and," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Henri Loge, and "Two in a Garden," by R. S. Hichens and Joseph L. Roeckel. "Two in a Garden," by R. S. Hichens and Joseph L. Roecker.—A very good idea is carried out by this firm, it is worthy the imitation of other publishers. Instead of an ordinarily bound album of dance music, there is a stiff portfolio-like cover containing four or more pieces independent one of the other. The example before us contains: "Conferenze Amorose," a sparkling valse, "Sogno del Cuoro," a tuneful mazurka, "A Quattr' Occhi," a dance-provoking polka, and "Chiaroscuro," a brilliant galop. All four are by G. Capetani di Vincenzo. The collective title of this group is "Veolie d' Inverno." group is " Veglie d' Iuverno.'

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Hymn and Collect," by John Collett; the former is a new setting of the well-known words, "Rock of Ages." It is not an improvement upon the original setting.—"A Veteran's Story," written and composed by A. Henwood and Joseph J. Shaw, Story," written and composed by A. Henwood and Joseph J. Shaw, will take well at a village concert (S. White).—A cheery song, with a unison chorus, is "Christmas Night," written and composed by T. L. Hérold and Ruthven Finlayson (Messrs. Morley and Co.).—
"The Estey Organ Tutor," by King Hall, will prove of great utility to players on the Estey American organs, which find favour all over the world, to judge by the fact that two hundred thousand instruments, large and small, have been sold already, whilst their reputation is steadily increasing. This work is divided into two parts, the first being entirely devoted to the Rudiments of Music, and the second comprising Practical Instructions in Playing, together with an extensive and varied collection of music, specially written or arranged for the Estey American organ (Messrs. Hodge written or arranged for the Estey American organ (Messrs. Hodge and Essex).—No. XII. of "Original Compositions for the Organ," by W. Dawson, is a clever "Pastorale" in A major (W. Dawson, Liverpool).—"Gavottine" for the pianoforte, by Cecil Neilson, is a very fair specimen of its type (Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood).— An attractive title-page, with a portrait of the popular little heroine after whom it is named, attracts attention to "Mignon's Own Polka-March" for the pianoforte, by Michael Watson; the music is pretty and ear-catching (Charles Jefferys).—"Bom Vinho Valse," by Frank M. Simpson, is melodious and attractive (Messrs. Reid Brothers).



THE hasty reader will think that much of the "Memoirs of Ernest II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha" (Remington), is of little interest save to Germans. The hasty reader will be more than usually mistaken. It is worth while to have a dispassionate view, from the standpoint of an intelligent German prince, of the revolution which, beginning in 1848 and of the ferman prince, of the revolution which, standpoint of an intelligent German prince, of the revolution which, beginning in 1848, ended in the Empire; and the student must not be discouraged because most of the actors in the drama are wholly unknown in England, even by name. We are too much given to what may be called political monotheism. Duke Ernest is careful at the outset to remind us "how little it was a single will alone which expressed itself in the great development." Even Prince Bismarck's position (he is not once mentioned in these two volumes) is due not to himself, but to his being identified with this "development." The Schleswig-Holstein question is, of course, exhaustively The Schleswig-Holstein question is, of course, exhaustively discussed. Russia wished to preserve Denmark intact; and Lord Palmerston's impetuous advocacy (followed by ignominious desertion) is attributed to his wish to "square" Ambassador Brunnow, justly incensed at the Don Pacifico business. Prince Albert's letters show how firm was the Prince Consort's grasp of German politics. His brother and the other princes were naturally afraid that politics. His brother and the other princes were naturally afraid that the end of the King of Prussia's coquetting with the "Reds" would be "a state of things like Switzerland, which is very satisfactory to people in general" (306); but not, of course, to the princes. Prince Albert ("academic and optimistic," his elder brother calls him) Albert ("academic and optimistic," his elder brother calls him pointed out that, "unless an important German prince set himself at the head of the movement, Democracy will run away with it, and the final solution will be a republic." The "universal fright" in 1848 was amusing; the Serene Highnesses, who had resisted any timely concessions, gave in to the pettiest riot, "with the firm intention of taking back their promises on the first opportunity." Duke Franct was almost the only one who kent his head; and no wonder Ernest was almost the only one who kept his head; and no wonder several admirers wished him (then commanding the Thuringian contingent in Holstein) "to come forward as Emperor and deliverer." If only his duchy, made up of "advanced" Gotha and old-sashioned Coburg, had been a little bigger, or if he had been a Napoleon instead of merely a good general of division, this might have been the solution of the difficulty. The author's quaint English (e.g., "an elementary occurrence" for "a result caused by the elements") is helpful by sometimes forcing the reader to pause and consider what is meant.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie means his "School-Life of Christ"

Dr. Cunningham Geikie means his "School-Life of Christ" (Hatchards) for "the multitudes, older and younger, who, while shrinking from a Life in two volumes, would be very glad of the story pleasantly, clearly, simply, brightly told." It is not, therefore, an abridgement of his former work, but a new book. The illustrations are interesting; the point of view orthodox evangelical.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss, President of the Royal Society of British Artists, has, in "The Enchanted Island" (Allen), given us a Ruskinese sketch of Art in England, which in the old myths bears that name. He is full of suggestion, as when he remarks that "the Tyndalls of the Victorian Age and the Merlins of the Arthurian are each occult to the other," and points out that of Christ we have the very face. Of our National Gallery "Ecce Homo," the weak mouth

and effeminate hair are faults of the painter falling short of the type that he ought to have realised. And so with any of the Christ pictures; in all, varying as they do in style, force, method, choice of subject, there is but one conception of the face. It is so different with the Virgin, for instance. We commend, too, his remarks on "the Flesh" as carved on Stafford church font. "Evolution in with the Virgin, for instance. We commend, too, his remarks on "the Flesh" as carved on Stafford church font. "Evolution in Architecture" is another of the Essays in this readable little book, which ends with a lively attack on Professor Palgrave's "Decline of Art," proving by a formidable array of parallel extracts how largely it is borrowed from Mr. Bayliss's "Witness of Art."

Professor Thorold Rogers carries his uncompromising spirit into everything that he writes. He is a Radical, and therefore Holland is for him "the Holy Land of Modern Europe." Her war against Philip II. was "infinitely more heroic, far more desperate, much more successful, and infinitely more significant than that which Greece waged against Persia. . . It was the greatest and most important of all European wars." No wonder, therefore, that, having traced the institution of guilds and chartered towns, and the trade between Flanders and England, and the origin and the trade between Flanders and England, and the origin of the Dutch navy, in the masterly style which is natural to the author of "Six Centuries of Work and Wages;" having sketched the history of the house of Burgundy Hill, Mary granted Holland "the Great Privilege;" having sharply outlined Alva and Don John, and Parma and Barneveldt, and De Witt; he regrets that he cannot close his story with the siege of Aix la Chapelle. For it is chiefly on us that he unhesitatingly charges Holland's shameful humiliation; "from Selden's doings and learnings it has been the policy of British statesmen to pander to the most sordid instincts of British traders, and to truckle both to the designs of the Houses of Stuart and Hanover against Dutch Independence." He has a poor opinion of the House of Orange, which "after great services led the country into discountry into discountry. which "after great services led the country into disgrace, and finally into ruin;" but his opinion of the French nobles who, "having taken Phillip II.'s money, negotiated with Henry IV. for more money, and place and pardon," is still poorer. . . . "Had Holland, like Flanders, been cursed with nobles, it might well have been despaired of." Despite these extreme views "Holland" (Fisher Unwin) is one of the best of the "Story of Nations" series. Part XXVI. of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy

of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London) takes us into the important parish of Prestwich-cum-Oldham. One regrets the destruction of Prestwich Rectory, "The Dene," and the waste in law costs over Mr. Henshaw's noble charity, the Oldham Blue School. Did Charles Lever, whose father came from Lancashire, belong to the Levers of Alkrington?

That the Somali country should have remained "The Unexplored Horn of Africa" (Philip, Fleet Street) till Mr. F. L. James and his brother visited, along with Messrs. Aylmer, Lort-Phillips, and Thrupp, is due to the evil reputation of the inhabitants. They are Gallas, with a strong dash of Caucasian blood; but, none the less, or perhaps for that very reason, they are worse to deal with than the negro. Sir R. Burton's character—"they have all the negro's levity negro. Sir R. Burton's character—"they have all the negro's levity and instability, passing without transition into a state of fury, in which they are capable of the most horrible atrocities"—accounts for the fact that "to be killed was the fate of nearly every white man who ventured into their country." The genial temper, which comes out, for instance, in Mr. James's description of his native lady helps, no doubt accounted for his success; and Mr. Thrupp's tact (see p. 72) must have been a great help. He was, moreover, always most careful to make friends with the priests, for whom he had promost careful to make friends with the priests, for whom he had provided himself with a supply of Korans. One influential priest was so moved that he gave the party "a pastoral round robin," or spiritual letter of credit. The photogravures, "composed" by Mrs. Gordon Hake, are excellent; as are also the coloured plates of birds, insects, &c. Altogether the work is an exceptionally interesting one of its class of its class.

A book on "The Horse" (Bentley), by such a practical master of his subject as the great trainer, Mr. W. Day, could not fail of being valuable, as well as interesting. We are glad that Mr. Day enlivens his subject by something about himself, and by a chapter on climate, in which he propounds the puzzle why, in Europe, horse and cattle and sheep get smaller as you move northward, attaining their minimum in Ireland, while in North America and Asia some of the arctic creatures are bigger than their northern congeners—e.g., the musk ox than the bison. Of course, the chapters on breeding, mating, and the care of mare and foal are practical and excellent. So is that on hunters and troop horses, of which Mr. Day believes (as firmly as Goldsmith did in his day) that we have the best breed in the world. What he says on the increase of speed (in foxes also, p. 264) is curious. His most important chapter is "the nalf-bred on the farm." A cart horse only walks one and a-half miles an hour: plough with a half-bred and you one and a-half miles an hour; plough with a half-bred, and you

save in many ways.
Dr. Hartmann's "Life of Joshua, the Prophet of Nazareth" (Boston: Occult Publishing Company: London: Theosophical Publishing Company: London: London lishing Society), is just what one might expect from the author. Since we merely "appear to be," what matters "whether or not our ideal Christ has ever existed in history?" The attempt to give a Wisdom never was killed by the Jews, though he is continually crucified by professed Christians." Jehoshua Ben Pandira tried to overthrow the belief in a limited God; yet his followers made of him such a god, separated him from humanity, and selected him for an object of outward worthin. an object of outward worship. In Egypt, where he was initiated into the "Mysterious brotherhood," he learned the truths, some of which he taught in St. Matthew (Hermes Trismegistus, called in Egyptian Meti!), giving great offence to his nation, "whom long continued and abject fear of Jehovah had made a nation of cowards." Dr. Hartmann calls on us to awaken to the inner truth underlying our religion; the latter killeth, as surely as those get crushed under Juggernaut's car who persist in trying to catch a glimpse of the Dwarf therein hidden, instead of seeing that the car is the body, the Dwarf the spiritual principle in man's soul.

Books like Dr. Hartmann's try the patience even of the broadest-minded. Books like "Rhys Lewis, Minister of Bethel, an Auto-biography" (Wrexham: Hughes; London: Simpkin, Marshall), make us, on the contrary, yearn to know more of the thoughts and aspirations of those who, living in the same island, have a little in common with us. It is too true, as Mr. Harris says, explaining when he has translated Daniel Owen's book, that "there are more things in Welsh literature than are dreamt of in the average English reader's philosophy." All the characters in this well-told story are drawn from the life; who that knows Wales or Cornwall does not know the dear old lady who, when her son, unable to contain his new learning, plies her with "Butler," pours scorn on "the mere heathen who drinks the squire's wine and never goes anywhere tut to church." Thomas Bartley, too, who to the class-meeting question, "What call was there for Christ to die for us?" fearlessly exclaims, "Well so fearlessly exclaims, "Well, so far as I can make out, 'twas nothin' in the blessed world only He Himself liked it." We are not surprised that Thomas, hearing a very pious friend is bad with rheumatics, says, "D'ye know, I dan' and I have been a like her. I don't und'stand that Great King, look you. A woman like her, who never did anything in the world agenst Him, to be plagued like always, always." Excellent, too, is the "local" who tells the aspirant to preaching to "cultivate cheek—I don't say it's good in teelf but it's a moone to an add it belows to a birdy order. itself, but it's a means to an end, and it belongs to a higher order of things than impudence or brazen-facedness." We shall not attempt to analyse Rhys Lewis; we recommend everybody to read it. A tourist who has read it won't be so isolated, as many of us are, in "gallant little Wales."



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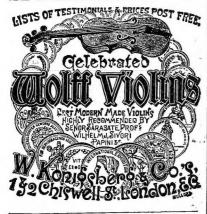
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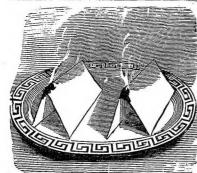


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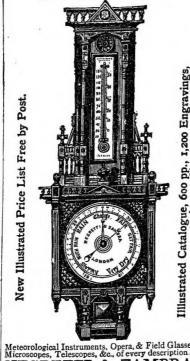
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